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THE BEQUEST OF

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
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1918

THE

MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE:

A

DRAMATIC TALE,

IN

THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT-GARDEN.

WRITTEN BY

MILES PETER ANDREWS, Esq.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, P. BYRNE, J. MOORE,
W. JONES, J. RICE AND G. FOLINGSBY.

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FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. HARLEY.

LONG have been ſerv'd from this our motley ſtage,
Repaſts for various taſtes—from youth to age—
To lively Miſs, eſcap'd from School and toil,
Our ſports have oft beſtow'd the infant ſmile,
While the rude boy, from Weſtminſter or Eton,
Who "ſpies," and "quizzes" one, where'er they meet one.
For them, our brilliant Ballets drawn from Greece,
Reſtore their Greek—without a rod a piece.
While tricks and tumbling honeſt John employ,
Who drinks his punch aloft, and ſcreams with joy.
The wife is all for muſic, ſhakes and thrilling,
Old maids, from ſoft humanity, love killing:
Each has his taſte: for married life may ſay,
Not oft' two perſons think in the ſame way.
Our Bard, long known to you, this night makes up,
Of various beverage—a kind of *cup*;
Of Muſic, Pantomime, and graver ſcenes,
Perhaps a daſh of terror intervenes;
Should not all theſe ſufficient change ſupply,
If you condemn—there will be—*Tragedy*.
But, Britons, while a neighbouring nation's crimes
Have ſpread war wide, and made theſe—"Iron Times,"
Greet *you*, the moral virtues of the STAGE,
Which haply may amend an erring age;
That Arts and Sciences may take their place,
That the domeſtic ties may have their grace,
The rights of ſweet humanity be known,
And freedom fixed by law, reign like your own!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hilario, (friend to Carlos)	*Mr. Lewis.*
Carlos, - - -	*Mr. Pope.*
Fractioſo (a man in power at Meſſina)	*Mr. Quick.*
Count Montoni (a Sicilian nobleman)	*Mr. Harley.*
Montauban (Falconer to the Count)	*Mr. Incledon.*
Bernardo (Steward to ditto)	*Mr. M'Cready.*
Cloddy (a country fellow)	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Valoury, (Servant to Carlos)	*Mr. Munden.*
Fiſherman, - - - -	*Mr. Powell.*
Centinel, - - - -	*Mr. Williamſon.*
Serjeant, - -	*Mr. Davenport.*
Captain of Veſſel, - - -	*Mr. Thompſon.*

Julia, { daughters to }	*Miſs Wallis.*
Conſtantia, { Fractioſo }	*Mrs. Mountain.*
Annette, (Conſtantia's waiting woman) - - - - -	*Mrs. Mattocks.*

Sailors, Peaſants, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—Meſſina and Parts adjacent, afterwards on the Coaſt of Calabria.

The Myſteries of the Caſtle:

A

DRAMATIC TALE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A View of the City of* MESSINA, *the* BAY, MOUNT ÆTNA, *&c. &c.*

SICILIAN GIRLS *coming from the Hills, going to Market with Eggs, Garden Herbs, Fruits, &c. &c.*

CHORUS.

(*Accompanied with Sicilian Inſtruments.*)

GAILY tripping to and fro
We village maids to market go,
And with jeſt and jocund lay,
Oft beguile the tedious way;
Nor ſtop to make our purpoſe known,
Till we've reached the deſtin'd town.

SOLO.

Then with ſmiles and court'ſy meet,
Welcome cuſtomers we greet;
And our pittance to improve,
Barter every thing but love.

DUET and CHORUS.

Feigned affections, purchas'd darts,
Ill accord with virgin hearts;
There our innocence we prove,
Bartering love alone for love.

[*Exeunt, dancing and singing.*

Enter VALOURY.

(*As they go off calls after them.*)

Valoury.—Holloa! Damfels! Stop a little, and I'll eaſe you of your wares, I'll warrant you. Well, thank Heaven, we're arrived in a chearful country at laſt. (*looking about*) Bleſs me! What a charming air! And what a charming appetite it gives one! I have ſcarcely ſwallowed any thing but duſt for theſe three weeks, but here ends our tedious journey—Yonder is the city of Meſſina, and hard by reſides the man my maſter is in ſearch of—Why my maſter has left Savoy, to ſeek this interview with poor dead Julia's jealous huſband, I am yet to learn—Oh! Here he comes.

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos.—At length, Valoury, the hurry of travelling is over—you now will have time to recover your fatigue.

Valoury. Yes, Signor Carlos, and to loſe my appetite I hope; for the one is as irkſome a companion as the other.

Carlos. Would my diſtreſſes could be as eaſily removed as yours—The ſhade of my departed Julia haunts me at every turn, and her injured memory calls aloud for vengeance.

Valoury. Ah! Sir, if grief or reſentment could reſtore her to life, I'd ſtarve myſelf into a paſſion with pleaſure; but as that is impoſſible, might I adviſe you, Signor,

Signor, I ſhould recommend a temperate meal or two, before we proceed any further.

Carlos. Temperate! Valoury, can anguiſh inſupportable be temperate! Liſten to the ſtory of my heart—That Julia, the hapleſs wife of the imperious Count Montoni, whom thou ſaw'ſt interr'd at Palermo——

Valoury. And a melancholy ſight it was, Signor Carlos—I remember I was juſt ſitting down to an excellent barbacue, ſmoaking hot, when the proceſſion paſſed the window; but ſo it is, whenever a man is upon the point of being happy, ſome curſed thing or other always interferes to chill his proſpects.

Carlos. Think, Valoury, of an attachment begun almoſt in childhood, and improved with growing years; when love's ſoft wiſhes were ſanctioned by reaſon, and dear expectation nouriſhed by conſenting friends.

Valoury. What then was the cauſe of your loſing her?

Carlos. Her father's avarice and ambition. This proud, indignant Lord, the Count Montoni, with large poſſeſſions, and extended power, was captivated with my Julia's blooming charms, and, do I live to repeat it, tore her from me in the moment when ſhe was to have been mine for ever.

Valoury. But how came the Lady to conſent?

Carlos. There thou haſt touched the cord of anguiſh in my breaſt; *that* drove me from my native home, to ſeek in ſolitude a calm, which, alas, Valoury, thy maſter's heart can never more experience; *that* brings me back again on the wings of rage, and vengeance, to demand atonement for the wrongs too great to be endured. [*With great energy.*

Valoury. Bleſs me, Sir! Has any thing happened lately?

Carlos. Yes; from the amiable Conſtantia, the only ſurviving ſiſter of my hapleſs love, I learn by papers found ſince her deceaſe, that the moſt infernal arts were put in practice by the Count and his adhe-

rents, to bend the timid fair-one to their cruel purpose.

Valoury. Mercy on me! My hair stands on end. They hinted too at Palermo, that the Lady's death was sudden and extraordinary.

Carlos. By baseſt forgery ſhe was induced to believe I had already been wedded to another.

Valoury. To another indeed! As if Gentlemen of your prudent turn of mind, did not think one wife at a time quite ſufficient.

Carlos. But the hour of retribution is at hand; meanwhile bear this letter to Conſtantia—Her father, old Fracticoſo, is one of the Chief Magiſtrates in the city. I would on no account that he ſhould hear of my return; therefore be careful to deliver it into her own hands.

Valoury. Truſt it to me, Signor, and Dad ſhall know no more of the buſineſs, than an Ex-miniſter does of the Cabinet, or a faſhionable huſband of his wife's bed chamber.

Carlos. From her you may learn tidings of my friend, Hilario, whoſe return from Germany I expect about this time; and I know, notwithſtanding her father's obſtinate prohibition, Conſtantia is not inſenſible to his deſerts.

Valoury. And a charming Gentleman he is; would he were here—his cheerfulneſs would drive away your honour's melancholy—ſorrow with him, is like a bad Signet, it ſqueezes the ſurface, but leaves no impreſſion. [*Sound of horns.*

Carlos. Hark! Here come the Falconers with their Hawks—we muſt not be ſeen, retire—be expeditious, and meet me at the Hotel.

Valoury. At the Hotel—ah! Sir, your need not doubt my expedition; for ſure no love-ſick girl in Europe can be more ſharp ſet than is your honour's very hungry, humble ſervant. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter

Enter MONTAUBAN *in a Falconer's dress, with Hawks, &c.*

A train of Sportsmen all in shewy apparel, with high plumes of feathers.

SONG.—MONTAUBAN.

Heighlo! Heighlo! The morning is up,
And the gallant Falconers abroad;
We've each of us had a stirrupping cup,
And of game we'll bring home a load—
Uncouple the Spaniels, and let the dogs try,
See the partridge there on the wing;
Quick, quick! Jolly Falconer, let the hawks fly,
'Tis a pleasure fit for a King,
Then mark the swift Hawk——see him now make his stoop,
Ah! Down goes the game! Call him in then! La leup! La leup!

II.

Barons of old, and Princes so high,
Loved Hawking as their lives;
The health of the field, and the Falconer's cry,
Drown'd even the pipes of their wives:
Our Hawks, they are a Gallantie show,
With rings and feathers so fine;
The Falconer laughs at sports below,
And cries, "the air is mine!"
What Sportsmen to joys then inferior wou'd stoop,
When the summit of sporting is Hawking! La leup! La leup!

Enter COUNT MONTONI.

Count. Montauban, draw near; thy activity and diligence are commendable—are the Hawks strong and eager?

Montauban Well, my Lord—no doubt we shall have sport

Count Methinks I shall not sport to-day—dismiss thy followers a while—I would confer with thee in private. [*The train go off.*

Montauban. How shall your vassal repay this condescension?

Count. Thou know'st Annette, I think, Constantia's woman.

Montauban I do, my Lord.

Count. And toy'st with her occasionally?

Montauban. The damsel has charms, and I admire them, nothing more.

Count. I do not mean to chide thee, gentle Montauban, nor thwart thy amorous pursuits—they may, perchance, enable thee to do me services.

Montauban. O! Let me fly to execute your commands.

Count. Then, thus it is. I have reason to suspect that Constantia holds secret correspondence with Carlos, my avowed, and mortal foe; the man who in life's childish, thoughtless hour, stole my wife's affections; for whose sake she shun'd my embraces, and notwithstanding her father forced her to be mine, with-held from me a husband's lawful rights, and died the sullen vestal she had lived.

Montauban. You astonish me, my Lord.

Count. Exert thy influence with this forward waiting woman; caress, cajole, do any thing thou canst to discover, if possible, these dark proceedings; for know, thy master's peace, his fame, his honor, nay, his life may be at stake.

Montauban. Forbid it Heaven!

Count. Hast thou seen Bernardo, my trusty Steward lately?

Montauban. Nor these two days as I think—he seemed wrapt up in thought, and deeply pensive.

Count. Did he so? I do not wonder at it; for indeed, I dread his presence. (*aside.*) He has done me signal service, and I mean, as suits my character and station, to give him due reward.

Montauban. Your Lordship's ever bountiful and good.

Count. I thought to have met him here—he will not be tardy to attend—I tremble at the interview—yet how avoid it—it shall be so (*aside*), tho' Bernardo

do is deserving of my warmest gratitude, yet the load of obligation bears so hard upon my nature, I cannot, will not see him face to face, till opportunity afford him ample recompence.

Montauban. Such ever is the case with noble minds!

Count. Do thou go forward—meet him on the way—give him this ring, as earnest of my friendship—tell him we shall meet anon—meanwhile he'll rest assured, my favour shall go hand in hand with his desert to latest life—haste thee, good Montauban.

[*Exit Montauban.*

Count. (*alone*) Right glad I am this meeting is awhile delay'd; for tho' I have gone too far to recede, tho' injured pride, and wounded honor, demand from the offender due explanation; and though I am certain Bernardo has used every precaution to secure us from discovery, yet such are the weak workings of my mind, there is a something which I cannot shake off, that makes me shudder at the thought of seeing him. [*Going.*

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. Pardon me, Count Montoni, if I thus intrude upon your privacy, and dare to interrupt your progress.

Count. Ha! My detested rival. (*aside*) I see you dare invade the privilege of decorum, and intrude upon me like a lawless robber.

Carlos. Spare your opprobrious epithet—it recoils upon yourself—who was't that robb'd me of my heart's best joy? The lov'd companion of my early years—the allotted partner of my future life? Who was't that basely practised on a timid female, and in conjunction with a sordid partner, led her to pronounce unwilling vows, and meanly triumphed o'er a forced consent?

Count. I scorn your imputation, and despise your vanity; thus idle coxcombs, when their schemes a

baffl

baffled, and the light froth that flatters giddy girls, are in more ripen'd years seen through and slighted, they know not how to bear their humbled pride, but fly to falsehood and abuse for shelter.

Carlos. Infamous evasion!

Count. Go—learn to check this habit of conceit; learn to endure the freaks of female minds; and condescend to think, the gallant Carlos, tho' in the zenith of his youth's career, may sometimes suffer from a jilting mistress, while men, with less desert, may prove more fortunate.

Carlos Your levity, Count Montoni, is contemptible, and your insinuation ungenerous as unjust—did I not, soon as I heard the gentle maid had yielded to your solicitation, and, as I then thought, from worldly motives, abandoned the heart she once had deigned to prize; did I not tear myself from my friends, my family, my home, quit the fond scenes where I had been so blest, and with a bosom bleeding at every pore, leave you to the uninterrupted enjoyment of your nuptial happiness?

Count. Why then return to brave me unprovoked, and interrupt domestic grief? My wife is now no more; you can no longer plume yourself upon her favour, or attack the sacred honour of a husband.

Carlos. Heaven grant me patience! Must I then repeat the wrongs thou hast done me, and sting thy hardened bosom with reproach?

Count. Go on—I'm proof against a ruffian's foul invective.

Carlos. (*Draws.*) Draw then, and with thy sword defend, what, with thy tongue thou can'st not.

Count. 'Tis well I am prepared, else had thy murderous intent been gratified. [*Drawing.*

Carlos. Base slanderer! But words are useless, I come not to remonstrate, but to punish.

Count. Have at thee then, assassin, as thou art!

[*They fight.*

Enter

Enter BERNARDO.

Bernardo. What do I see? My Lord, my Lord—is this the method to secure your wishes?

Count. Bernardo! (*sinks his sword*) Then I muſt pauſe—no power on earth but thee could ſtay my arm.

Carlos. I ſee you are now protected; but mark me, Count; my juſtice ſhall not ſleep till treachery like thine, feel the reſentment it deſerves. [*Exit.*

Count. (*Speaking after him*) Take my defiance with thee. Bernardo, thou art welcome! Indeed thou art. I did not think we ſhould have met ſo ſoon.

Bernardo. Not ſo ſoon, my Lord! I came hither by your own appointment.

Count. True: I ſent a meſſage to thee, by Montalban, but no matter—this rencontre has determined me—we have no time to loſe—I had ſome compunction; but now rage and jealouſy reſume their ſway.

Bernardo. Let them not tranſport you too far—we have hitherto proceeded with diſcretion; but caution ſtill is neceſſary.

Count. The funeral at Palermo will lull ſuſpicion.

Bernardo. No doubt, my Lord, it will—but this intruder, Carlos, muſt be guarded againſt.

Count. Vile miſcreant! His officious return has fixed my wavering reſolution, and nerved my trembling hand—to-night, at the caſtle let us meet.

Bernardo. We will, my Lord.

Count. Provide thee a torch—a ſpade—the dagger ſhall be mine.

Bernardo. I ſhall not fail.

Count. (*Gives him a caſket.*) My truſty Bernardo, take this caſket, it contains jewels that belonged to—what ſhall I term her? They now are yours—I am reſolved—Oh love! what art thou to revenge! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Room in FRACTIOSO's *Houſe—Large door in back Scene—Large window likewiſe, with dreſſing table, &c. &c. under it.*

Enter FRACTIOSO *and* ANNETTE.

Fractioſo. Hah! What—when—how—a tall, raw boned fellow, you ſay, will come into my houſe, whether I will or no.

Annette. Yes; and will ſee my young Lady, whether you will or no, and will ſhake you by the fiſt, whether you will or no.

Fractioſo. And he ſhall feel my fiſt too, if he dare incroach upon my premiſes.

Annette. So I told him; but it ſignified nothing—Says I, my Maſter, though a ſweet-tempered, ſweet-ſpoken, good kind of a good-looking old gentleman—

Fractioſo. Pooh! What ſignifies all this foolery?

Annette. Not much, indeed, for he would not believe a ſyllable.—What then, ſays I, I ſuppoſe you think he is a little ſour-faced, croſs grained, peeviſh, pettiſh, ſurly, avaricious—

Fractioſo. Hold your larum, do, Mrs. Minx, and come to the point at once.

Annette. Well, isn't this coming to the point at once?

Fractioſo. You ſay he has ſomething to communicate—What ſort of a perſon is he?

Annette. He looks like a ſervant.

Fractioſo. Ay, an humble ſervant, I ſuppoſe.

Annette. Humble indeed! I never ſaw a ſaucier fellow ſince I was born; he treats me with no more reſpect than if I had been his equal.

Fractioſo You are not his inferior in pertneſs, that I can warrant—Where is he all this time?

Annette.

Annette. Below in the pantry, ſtuffing himſelf with a brace of the beſt partridges in the whole larder.

Fractioſo. Ha! what—devouring my property—Run, Annette, fetch him before me this inſtant.

[*Exit Annette.*

Partridges, forſooth! Zounds! he's the moſt impudent marauder I ever knew—to plunder the garriſon, before a parley can take place.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Conſtantia. Dear Sir, what is the matter? Has any thing happened to diſconcert you?

Fractioſo. Any thing! Yes, every thing!—I am vexed—teazed—threatened—eat up alive.

Conſtantia. Mercy on me! who can have done all this?

Fractioſo. Who? A man—and he would do as much for you, if he could get at you.

Conſtantia. A man!—Pray don't be alarmed on my account, I'll face the danger.

Fractioſo. No doubt you would—You have face enough for any thing—I dare ſay he'd like a young chicken as well as a partridge—but I'll take care to damp his appetite—Oh! here he comes—Do you, Conſtantia, ſtand at that end of the room.

Enter ANNETTE, *and* VALOURY *gnawing a bone, and walking up to* FRACTIOSO *in an impudent manner.*

Valoury. I never taſted a better bird in all my life.

Fractioſo. Keep your diſtance, fellow.

[*Walking from him, and putting Conſtantia away.*

Valoury. What, you are the Lord of the Manor, I preſume.—Do you want a game-keeper?

Fractioſo. I'll ſoon let you know what you want—A magiſtrate.

Valoury. Oh, ho! You're a magiſtrate, are you? Pray

Pray lend me your arm—I love to have Juſtice on my ſide. [*Takes him by the arm, and walks with him forcibly near Conſtantia.*

Fractioſo. Why, you audacious varlet, would you aſſault my perſon, after having ſtolen my property?

Valoury. Lord, Sir, you quite miſtake me; I come to protect your perſon and property too—There are other people waiting to ſteal it.—You know Signor Carlos?

Fractioſo. Ha! Who—Carlos? Well—what of him?

Valoury. Pleaſe to diſmiſs the Lady of the Bed Chamber—I only ſpeak to principals in office—always mute before underlings.

Fractioſo. Annette, retire! And do you hear, let us have none of your liſtening tricks.

Annette. I liſten! I'm ſure there's nothing that underlings need ſtay for; for I fancy I leave both knave and fool behind me. [*Bouncing out.*

[*Valoury ſhews the letter to Conſtantia as ſoon as ſhe is gone, ſo as not to be ſeen by Fractioſo.*

Conſtantia. (*Advancing near.*) Now, Sir let us draw near to him, that we may not be over-heard.

Fractioſo. Keep away, child—Why ſhould we fear being over-heard—Come, ſirrah, what have you to tell us?

Valoury. (*Trying in vain to give the letter*) Signor Carlos, you muſt know is—is—

Fractioſo. (*Peevifhly*) What the devil is he? Have you got a pain in your ſhoulders, that you can't keep your arms ſtill?

Valoury. He is a great friend to one Hilario.

Conſtantia. (*Agitated.*) Hilario, ſaid you! What of him?

Fractioſo. (*turning to his daughter*) That's no buſineſs of yours—Do you preſume to make enquiries after a fellow not worth a dollar—the greateſt coxcomb in all Meſſina.

Valoury. And the moſt impudent dog in all Italy—he once gave me ſuch a ſlap on the ſhoulder.—[*Slaps Fractioſo rudely on the ſhoulder, and as he turns*

to

to resent it, passes the letter to Constantia on the opposite side, as he turns.

Fractioso. Why, rascal, scoundrel—how dare you treat me with such familiarity?

Valoury. I ask pardon! It's a way I have, I only meant to enforce my argument—but I have done. —my errand is completed—mute as if your honour was an underling. *(Exit.*

Fractioso. Get out of my house, you impudent ragamuffin! This fellow's coming here, had certainly more meaning in it, than I have been able to discover. *(aside)* This is all your doing, Madam Headstrong —One daughter had the perverseness to die on purpose to plague me, and you seem determined to live on the same system.

Constantia. O! Sir, think on my poor sister's hard fate; let that be a lesson to you. Had she married the man of her choice, she might now have been alive to thank you for it.

Fractioso. The man of her choice! What, that pauper, Carlos, the intimate friend of the prating puppy, Hilario, that you would throw yourself away upon. But I'll take care to prevent it—To day you shall be lock'd up, and to-morrow sent away to a nunnery.—Annette! Annette!

Enter ANNETTE.

Where is the key of this apartment?

Annette. In my pocket, Sir.

Fractioso. Then take it out of your pocket, Ma'am, for I mean to put it into mine.

Annette. (Pulling out a bunch) Lord, Sir! it's fastened to a great swinging bunch—I don't think I shall be able to get it off.

Fractioso. Then open the door with it on—for I am determined to keep my daughter under lock and key.

Annette. Not in that room, I hope, Sir; for they say, since poor Madam Julia's death, evil spirits have walked there.

Fractioſo. Evil tongues have talked there, more likely—Give me the key directly.

Annette. I muſt change my ground. *(Aſide.)* To be ſure, Sir, here it is. *(fumbling to get the key off.)* If a young Lady will be obſtropolous, why, ſhe ought to be locked up.

Conſtantia. What, are you againſt me too?

Annette. 'Tis every one's duty to be againſt you, when you run headlong to deſtruction. Shall I open the door, Sir?

Fractioſo. Ay, do, child: I ſee you are a good, ſenſible girl, and more diſcreet than I thought you.

Annette. The very words my grandmother uſed to make uſe of: poor old woman! Your honour always puts me in mind of her. *(Trying the key.)* Pecks! I believe the key-hole is ſtopt up.

Fractioſo. Stopt is it? Well, go and look for ſomething to clear it—You'll find a file, Annette, in the breakfaſt chamber.—No—now I think of it, I'll go myſelf, for the tea-cheſt was left open, I believe, and there's no truſting a waiting woman within the ſcent of ſouchong. Take care of your young Lady till I return. [*Exit, looking back all the way.*

Annette. (*Peeping after him.*) I believe I can open the door now; Miſs Conſtantia, will you take a peep at your priſon?

Conſtantia. Are you really what you ſeem, Annette?

Annette. I follow the way of the world, ma'am; but don't mind a little confinement, it's only a prelude to matrimony—look in, and ſee if there are any ſpirits. [*Opens the door, and* HILARIO *comes out in a travelling cap.*—CONSTANTIA *ſcreams.*

Hilario. Am I ſo frightful then, my deareſt Conſtantia! Does this travelling equipage make me look like an hobgoblin?

Conſtantia. In the name of wonder when did you arrive?

Hilario. Not an hour ago—I paſſed thro' Italy on a gallop,—croſſed the bay in a ſtorm, landed at the quay in a whirlwind, and flew like lightning to viſit my

my adorable, without waiting for my toilette, as you see; though many a trim barber eyed me wishfully as I scoured along the street, as who should say, "would I might take your worship by the nose!"

Constantia. But how, Hilario, did you gain admittance?

Hilario. By the assistance of this, my better angel, she that pretended to take your father's part.

Annette. Yes, Ma'am; I always take the blind side, and so I'll fasten the door on the inside.

[*Bolts the Stage-door.*

Constantia. But, Hilario, my friend, it will be impossible for you to continue here.

Hilario. But, Constantia, my love, it will be impossible for me to continue any where else.

Constantia. Will you listen to me?

Hilario. For ever, so you don't desire me to leave you; after having scampered across the Continent like a greyhound, it were hard to be turned out like a mongrel; besides it would be so ungrateful to your indulgent papa, who has thus kindly left us together.

Constantia. Mark what poor Carlos writes, (*reads*) "I am returned to Messina, for the sole purpose of "avenging my Julia's death—should you see Hilario, "tell him I am desperate, and may stand in need of "his assistance."

Hilario. A very pretty summons! Because he's desperate, he supposes I must be mad; and you, my Constantia, in return for the hole you have made in my heart, want to have a bullet popt through my noddle.

Constantia. Unkind Hilario! You know the sincerity of my character; though fully tinctured with my sex's levity, I am above the little artifices which they generally adopt—notwithstanding your eccentricities, I am convinced of the goodness of your nature, and believe me, it possesses all my esteem.

Hilario. For that dear confession, let me but touch the tip of the nail of your fore-finger, (*kissing her hand,*) and command me all over the world.

Constantia. Fly then to your friend—conjure him to relinquish his designs—tell him my sister's wrongs

are buried with her in the grave; and say, his interference may renew our sorrows; never can redress them.

Hilario. I fly at your desire (*going to the door;*) but hold—I believe I must fly through the keyhole, for Daddy Cautious has double lock'd the prison, (*noise without*) Zounds! somebody is at the door.

Fractioso. (*without*) Constantia! Annette!

Annette. As I live, it is the old one again! What shall we do? If you return into the other room, he'll search it, and we must let him into this—for heaven's sake, Sir, get up the chimney, or out of the window.

Hilario. Then another old one, that you may have heard of, must assist me—do you think I can climb like a squirrel, or fall upon my legs like a cat?

Fractioso. Annette, open the door.

Hilario. Do as he tells you, and rely upon me; if I can't tumble out of window, I can tumble in, which will be a much safer experiment; only prepare yourselves with a good scream to honor my entrée.

Fractioso. Annette, I tell you, open the door.

Annette. Coming, Sir—my Lady and I have been taking a nap. [*As just awaked.*

[*Hilario opens the window, then puts his leg out, as if mounted on a ladder, affecting drunkenness, and speaking to persons in the street.*

Hilario. Take away the ladder, my boys—I have done with you.

[*Annette opens the bolt of the door, and just as Fractioso enters, Hilario tumbles from the window into the room, oversetting the dressing table, &c.*

(*getting up*) Here I am old trusty!—I was determined to make you a visit, and finding your doors lock'd against me, I made bold to come in at the window.

Fractioso. That wicked dog, Hilario! Oh, you villain! I'll have you laid by the heels, that I will.

Hilario. That's right, father, take care of my heels—you see I have taken care of my head already.

Fractioso. You're a house-breaker,—you want to plunder my property, and run away with my child.

Hilario,

Hilario. Damn your property—I'll have none of it; and as for your sweet child, I adore her—and you too, old surly—I'll adore you too.

[Taking hold of him.

Fractiofo. Help! Help! He will murder me, and ruin the women. Conſtantia, why don't you run for aſſiſtance?

Conſtantia. Lord, Sir, there's no occaſion to be in ſuch a panic—it's only a drunken frolic—I dare ſay the gentleman will do us no harm.

Fractiofo. (*mimicking her*) I dare ſay you'll think it no harm, let the gentleman do what he will.

Annette. Right, Sir—there your honor put me in mind of my poor old grandmother again.

Fractiofo. And this is the fellow you won't give me for a ſon-in-law?

Hilario. Yes, I am he, Holofernes—I am the very fellow—Come, give us your bleſſing, old boy, and who knows, but in good time, you may have a ſuppiy of young ones.

Fractiofo. Give you my bleſſing? Give you a halter! Get out of my houſe, this inſtant, if you don't wiſh to be hanged up in the court-yard

Conſtantia. (*to Hilario*) Pray, Sir, be ſo kind as to walk down ſtairs—no doubt you have friends in the neighbourhood, who may be uneaſy at your ſtay—Pray begone.

Hilario. I am off—much adored nymph—damſel of divinity—I'll do what you deſire—ſteady, ſteady to my promiſe—farewell, old Coffer.

Fractiofo. Away with you, you filthy ſot.

Hilario. (*ſtopping his mouth with his hand*) Hold—no words—I'll tell you a ſtory.

Fractiofo. I dare ſay you will—a thouſand. But leave my houſe, and never let me ſee your face again.

Hilario. You ſhan't—you ſhan't ſee my face, old Cormorant; for I'll come back in a maſk, and we'll have ſome fun, my man of meriment, we will. Harkee! Do you know me? (*imitating a maſquerade character.*) I am ſon-in-law to little Fractie, the

juſtice grinder, as croſs-grained a crab as any in all Meſſina. He poſſeſſes more ducats than I do doits, and yet thinks as much of burning an inch of candle, as I ſhou'd of illuminating the whole city. Nevertheleſs I'll hug the old rogue, that I will—I'll hug him into good humour.

[*Goes to embrace Fracticſo, who roars out and drives him off.*

Fracticſo. Murder! I ſhall be ſuffocated—Help to turn him out *(returns and adjuſts himſelf)* Mercy on me! There is no ſecurity for one, either at home or abroad—All the bolts in the world can't keep a forward girl in the houſe, or a hankering fellow out of it.

Conſtantia. Dear papa, you do not, indeed you do not purſue the right method to ſecure my duty, or your own peace. Would parents treat their children as friends, inſtead of keeping them at a ſevere diſtance, the ſocial communication of each other's ſentiments, would enable one party to give better advice, and induce the other more readily to accept it.

TRIO.

Annette Truſt to me.
Conſtantia. Depend on me.
We'll your confidence reward;
Annette. Lock and key—no hold can be—
Both. Honeſt is the ſureſt guard;
Fracticſo. Safer ſtill when double barr'd.
Annette. Oh! how charming!
Fracticſo. How alarming!
Still my ſhoulders feel the blow.
Annette. Two ſuch maids—
Fracticſo. Say, two ſuch jades,
Annette and Conſtantia. Muſt delight where'er they go.
Fracticſo. Muſt diſtract where'er they go.

SCENE

SCENE III.

The outside of an old Castle with large gates closed, a turret door is visible in the interior of the Castle—a hole in the wall, that appears to lead to a subterraneous passage—The whole wears an appearance of great antiquity and ruins.

Enter CLODDY *with a quantity of hares, partridges, &c.*

Cloddy. Well done, Cloddy! Thee didsn't lay thy snares last night for nothing—By the dickens, here's as pretty a bunch of preserved property as any justice would wish to see at his table; and a pretty round sum it will bring me, when I ha' got it safe housed—for our old rich citizens do so like a tit bit, especially when it is prohibited—and why should they not? They call me a poacher—mayhap, so I be.—what then—so be other people. It's my belief as how it's a pretty general trade.

SONG—CLODDY.

In poaching all mankind delight,
Late and early,
Prizing dearly
Every scheme by day or night
To wire draw one another:
Friends to trap, the wit will try,
He tips the wink, and cocks his eye,
And while he looks so wondy sly
Makes game, e'en of his brother.
Smoke the joke;
What fool so dull?
Always grinning,
Mouthing, chinning—
Let us quiz,
His ugly phiz;
Giggling, whilst he's grinning—

See

See Miſs and Madam lay their ſnares,
Painted faces,
Studied graces,
All for catching unawares;
Flights of gameſome lovers;
Madam plays the Harpſicole,
And ſquall, affected rigmarole
While Miſs in dancing, reels and ſtrolls,
New ſteps for lures diſcovers:
Head and tail,
Along ſhe'll ſail,
Down the middle,
With a hitch, and capering itch,
To the true Scotch fiddle.

Od ſo! Here's ſomebody coming! I muſt run into my old hiding place yonder—that hole under the Caſtle wall—it has uſed to be a rare ſnug place; but o' late I ha' heard ſo many ſtrange noiſes near about, I fear there be other people hiding as well as myſelf—rabbit it, here they come!

[*Retreats into a hole under the wall.*

Enter CARLOS *and* HILARIO.

Carlos. So, my poor friend, after the father had generouſly locked you into his daughter's apartment—he coolly turned you neck and heels out of his own ſtreet door.

Hilario. Faith, ſomething very like it; or, notwithſtanding my attachment to your perſon, my love for another perſon's perſon, would have made me a truant to friendſhip.

Carlos. Impoſſible.

Hilario. Impoſſible is it, that a man ſhould prefer being ſafe in a warm houſe, playing bo-peep with the bright eyes of his miſtreſs, to ſcampering acroſs a cold country for a game at piſtols with his friend's rival?

Carlos. Notwithſtanding your pleaſantry, I am convinced you would go a great way to ſerve me.

Hilario. Yes, and not a little way to ſerve myſelf—your kindneſſes to me, and our early friendſhip will, I truſt, never be forgotten—you certainly ſtand ſecond—that is, after the ladies, in my account—

but

—but I myſelf, am at the top of the page, and you know its the faſhion now, to take care of number *One*.

Carlos. True, my friend; and number *One* is at preſent tolerably ſecure—I have already had a rencontre with this dread adverſary.

Hilario. Already! I hope you are not wounded?

Carlos. Sorely.

Hilario. Bleſs me, Carlos! Where is it?

Carlos. In the heart, Hilario—deep—incurable—a ſurgeon's ſkilful hand may eaſe the poniard's ſtroke—time's healing finger is ineffectual here.

Hilario. I am ſorry for it. How much kinder the old greybeard is to me—as he totters round me with a grin, I whip his ſcythe from his hand, and cut off my ſorrows in the middle.

Carlos. Enviable vivacity! Had not relentleſs fortune mark'd me for the child of woe, I might have ſhared in all your cheerfulneſs.

Hilario. My dear friend, take comfort—let us return to the city—theſe deſolate old ruins don't ſeem to promiſe much entertainment—they've made me grave already.

Carlos. To me the world is all a void—Julia! my once deſtined Julia's loſt for ever!

[*As they go out a bell tolls in the Caſtle.*

Whence came that diſmal ſound?

Hilario. From that diſmal caſtle I ſuppoſe—let us begone—the toll of a bell always makes me nervous.

Carlos. I thought this dreary ſpot had been uninhabited—who could have occaſioned it?

Hilario. Who? Gaffer Belzebub, to be ſure—who the devil elſe would live in ſuch a place? I ſhall retire—he's not fit company for me.

Carlos. Perhaps it is ſome perſon in diſtreſs—ſome lonely hermit, ſinking beneath the preſſure of diſeaſe.

Hilario. Or, perhaps, ſome robber, who having *tenderly* murdered the lonely hermit, *kindly* reſolves to give him Chriſtian burial.

[*Bell tolls again.*

Carlos.

Carlos. Again—I am resolved to see further into this business.

Hilario And I am determined to remain totally in the dark—Carlos, I'm off.

Carlos. Will you leave me, Hilario? Can you desert your friend?

Hilario. What did you say? Desert you!—never—I may be at times, a little *apprehensive*, but I never can forsake my friend—was the whole court of Lucifer armed against my Carlos, dam'me but I'd have a tussle with some of the cloven black-legs.

Carlos. Come then—suppose we try whether these antique gates will yield to our attack.

Hilario. Move on—if the worst comes to the worst, it will be only bringing an old house about our ears—it won't do—old Ebony has fastened them with his own claw. [*Trying to open them.*

Carlos. (*Going towards the place where Cloddy is*) Let us search narrowly round the mouldering walls; time may, perhaps, have made some opening in them (*a light appears.*) Softly—dost thou observe a light in yonder turret?

Hilario. (*alarmed*) A light! To be sure I do—the devils are at work—I think we had better leave them to themselves.

Carlos. (*observing the light*) Mark! It moves along—now it disappears.

Hilario. I'm glad of it—we've seen enough—however, don't be afraid—I'll stick close by you.

Carlos. (*discovering Cloddy.*) Here is actually a hole, seemingly under the wall; who knows but it may afford a passage into the castle—Heavens! something living is concealed in it.

Hilario Be upon your guard, Carlos—don't venture in—it may be a wolf, or a tiger.

Carlos (*bringing out Cloddy*) Then it must be a man-tiger. However, be it what it may, I'll drag it forth—Shew thyself, fellow, and say what brings thee here?

Cloddy. Brings me here! Why, I'se only fetching a walk.

Hilario.

Hilario. Fetching a walk! What, in a hole in the wall? Zounds! this is the moſt impudent fetch I ever heard of.

Carlos. No trifling, ſirrah! Tells us who that caſtle belongs to?.

Cloddy. Nan!

Carlos. Blockhead! does any one reſide in that caſtle?

Cloddy. Reſide! what be that?

Carlos. Does any body live there? Anſwer this minute, or it ſhall be your laſt.

Cloddy. (*alarmed*) O lud! O lud! Noa. Nobody lives there but the rooks and ravens. To be ſure they ha'had ſome viſitors lately, and by their cawing and croaking, I don't think they much like their company.

Carlos. What company are you talking of?

Cloddy. Why, ſpirits and hobgoblins, I believe; for I never heard ſuch ſhrieking and ſqueaking in all my born days.

Hilario. Shrieking and ſqueaking! Hadn't we better get more aſſiſtance, Carlos?

Carlos. What avails human aſſiſtance, if we are to encounter ſupernatural foes? Did you ever ſee, as well as hear, any thing extraordinary?

Cloddy. Yes, one night, when I was taking a walk.

Hilario. What, walking again, friend? Well, what did you ſee.

Cloddy. Why, I ſeed a light in the ſouth tower, and ſoon after, a ſort of a kind of an apparition appeared, and when I cried out, it called me fool.

Hilario. Ay, claimed relationſhip.

Carlos. What was it like?

Cloddy. There—look there it be again!—[*A perſon with a dark lanthorn, muffled up, looks out from a turret-window, and then retires, ſhutting the window.*

Carlos. Something myſterious is certainly going on—I am determined to unravel it.

Hilario.

Hilario. I hate myſteries confoundedly. However, I don't ſpeak becauſe I want to flinch—But it is ſo ill bred to pry into family ſecrets.

[*Sound of bugle horns.*

Carlos. Somebody is approaching—We have no time to loſe.

Cloddy. It's maſter Montauban, with the ſportſmen—I muſt be off.

Carlos. Off, fellow! for what reaſon? who are you?

Cloddy. I be Cloddy, own brother to ſifter Annette, and ſhe be the ſame to me.

Hilario. How! brother to my guardian angel—Come to my arms, my ally from the hole in the wall—Annette aſſiſted me, and therefore you and I will fetch a walk together.

Cloddy. Wounds! An'you be ſifter's friend, I'll do any thing you like; and if you want to peep into that old caſtle, I believe I can ſhew you a way under the wall; but you muſt ſtoop very low, and, mayhap, creep upon all-fours.

Carlos. No matter—point out the path—nothing can deter us. (*horns again.*) Time preſſes—away—away.

Hilario. I wiſh, with all my ſoul, we were fifty leagues away from this place,

[*Exit thro' the hole in the wall.*

Enter MONTAUBAN *and* SPORTSMEN.

GLEE.

What ſhall he have who ſported beſt?
A ſhout of joy from all the reſt——
The honeſt heart, no doubts will ſtart;
But join the ſtrain before we part;
The Horn, the Horn, the echoing Horn,
Shall rouſe the ſportſmen every morn;
On you the palm will fall, Sir,—
No, not on one, but all, Sir.
Huzza! Huzza!
The loud Huzza!
Now ſends us all content away.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An old room, hung with antique, tattered tapestry—two doors exactly alike in the back scene, covered with the same tapestry—A window over them; the stage to be a little darken'd.*

Enter the COUNT, *muffled in a cloak, and* BERNARDO.

Count. At length, my friend, the hour of retribution comes; and love insulted, claims its sacrifice—the time, the place, occasion—all conspire, while secrecy secures revenge.

Bernardo. Would I could say aught to stay your purpose!

Count. Impossible! 'tis now too late—Is not this favour'd rival come to vaunt his valour? Shall we restore the idol of his panting heart, and be ourselves the victims of his triumph?

Bernardo. Never, my Lord—her destiny is fixed.

Count. Yet, spite of the rage which fires an injur'd husband's breast, resisted pity will at times intrude—fear, too, appals, and dread remorse—the very figures fashion'd in these antient hangings, with ghastly eye-ball seem to frown upon us.

Bernardo. Weak imagery of the brain, which quick decision must efface—trust me, my Lord, we have little leisure to deliberate.

Count. What mean'st thou, Bernardo?

Bernardo. Not an hour ago, waiting as is my duty, for your Lordship's presence; a deep toll'd bell, fixed unknown to me, in the interior of the castle, was on a sudden by our mourner sounded.

Count. Indeed!

Bernardo. At first I thought 'twas fancy; but being repeated, I flew to trace the cause, and instant cut the rope.

Count. 'Twas well.

Bernardo. Soon after, the outward gates were by rude hands attempted to be forced,

Count. Thou alarm'st me.

Bernardo. With ſpeed I mounted to the turret, and deſcried ſome ſtrangers in cloſe conference.

Count. Didſt thou know them?

Bernardo. The day declining, prevented more diſcovery—The ſportſmen returning from the field forced them to retire.

Count. Who could they be? No matter—apprehenſion will but prompt our purpoſe—her doom's inevitable—but then—the ſervants—

Bernardo. All is prepared—the coffin is at hand.

Count. (*agitated*) So ready, Bernardo—Yet, wherefore delay—danger may follow—bring hither the crow, the fatal dagger too—I left it in the parcel, my hand refuſes—can I be the aſſaſſin? Stay awhile—yet no—begone—fly—give not horrid thought a moment's pauſe.

Bernardo. I will return, my Lord, as quick as the dark windings of this dreary manſion will permit me. [*Exit.*

Count. (*alone*) The night advances faſt—wherefore this inward pang, this ſtruggle of nature? Come, wounded pride, love ſlighted, ſcorned—come, ſuffering honour, aid this weak heart, and give it manly reſolution—hush! was not that a ſigh, a deepened ſigh? How ſoon the laſt muſt follow, let me ſnize this ſolitary interval to take one final look, ſilent, unobſerved—alas! the dim light that gleams around, ſcarce ſhews the diſmal path. [*Exit thro' door.*

Enter CARLOS (*with a dark lanthorn*) *and* HILARIO *with a broken piece of a ſhield—they aſcend from a cavern.*

Hilario. Carlos! Carlos! Carlos! ſoftly—you go too faſt—thank Heaven, at laſt we have emerged from that horrid cavern—zounds! I am as damp as a newſpaper, and as mouldy as old cheeſe out of a wine cellar.

Carlos. In truth, Hilario, it is ſomewhat ſurpriſing after the extraordinary occurrences without the walls of this old caſtle, we ſhould as yet be able to make

no

no discoveries within; a solemn silence seems to reign around, and nothing, save the hollow murmur of the wind, strikes on the listening ear.

Hilario. A murmur of another kind, struck upon my ear.

Carlos. What mean you?

Hilario. You shall hear—but come a little further from that cursed cavern, you know, after having tramp'd about these diabolical apartments for half an hour together, we agreed to separate at the end of a long gallery, and took different routes.

Carlos. We did so—and the distant glimmer of light from this lanthorn, which I found standing on the pavement, led me to the dismal recess where we again met—but proceed—

Hilario. The fact is, that old Ebony has been more attentive to me, than to your worship.

Carlos. Will you be serious one moment?

Hilario. Serious! upon my soul I don't think I shall ever be otherwise. I am terrified to death—I cou'd as soon raise the devil as a grin.

Carlos. Torture me not with suspense—but tell me all.

Hilario. That I will, if I can find breath to go thro' with it—first I descended several steps of a dark narrow passage—at the bottom I heard a door open, then the patting of a man's foot, whether cloven or not I can't say—soon after, I saw a light, so I made a pause, and said to myself, now don't be frightened, Hilario—now don't tremble, my dear fellow, but summon up all your courage, and boldly run away.

Carlos. Would I had been there instead of you!

Hilario. Would you had, with all my heart! tho' I defy you to run faster—but in the attempt, I fell plump on my face, and in scrambling to get up, I clapp'd hold of this broken bit of a shield. There seems something like letters scratch'd upon it.

Carlos. Letters, Hilario! Try then, to decypher them.

Hilario. [*giving him the Shield.*] No, try yourself, I have got such a mumbling in my mouth, and my teeth so chatter, that—

Carlos. Heavens! what's this I see? (*reads*) "Julia, wife to the Count of - - - was forced to this "Caſtle - - - the marble hall - - - the dreary "vault——Oh pity and remember" (*drops the ſhield*) 'tis the labour of my Julia's hand, the unavailing record of her hapleſs fate—Oh my foreboding heart! ſhe has been murdered.

Hilario. I'm all over in a cold perſpiration, we had better get into the open air—it may ſave us from a fit of the ague—I feel the quaking already

Carlos. Never will I quit this gloomy edifice, till I diſcover my poor Julia's ſad remains, dreadful idea!—the mangled relicks of her beauteous form.

Hilario. Dreadful indeed! who knows but our forms may be mangled in the ſame manner.

Carlos. Was it for this, I left my friends, my home? To abandon the dear object of my earlieſt vows, to coward fraud and ruffian violence!—Gods! I ſhall run diſtracted!

Hilario. Be adviſed, Carlos—let us retire

Carlos (*not attending to him*) No faithful monitor to warn her unſuſpecting youth—no arm to ſhield her helpleſs innocence—heh! what noiſe was that?

Hilario. What? the perſpiration is coming again.

Carlos. It ſounded like a groan.

Hilario Dear Sir, don't frighten one, more than there is occaſion.

Carlos. Mark me—obſerve that window—do you not ſee a light? (*a light is ſeen to paſs*)

Hilario. A Li—ght!

Carlos. It points me out the way—brightens, and animates the darken'd ſcene.

[*Thunder and lightening flaſhes thro' the old walls.* Heaven is in our cauſe—ſomething is to be done, haſte—follow

[*Runs out thro' one of the doors in the Scene.*

Hilario (*alone*) Follow! I'm numb'd, I'm petrified—I have not a limb to ſtand upon—foſt—let me try (*advances one leg*) yes, I have put my right foot foremoſt, no, let me take it back again. (*retreats a little*) [*Thunders again.*

Whilſt

What shall I leave my friend in the lurch? let him grapple with old Ebony by himself? for shame, Hilario! after him, my boy!

[*Goes towards the door in the Scene, opens one on the right of that where Carlos entered, which discovers a Coffin standing on a bier, with a lamp upon it.*

Whough! I'm dead and buried! a Coffin! (*shuts the door*) and I dare say the sexton will be here before I can say my pray'rs, mum! here he comes.

[*A stamping without.*

Enter BERNARDO *with a spade and dagger.*

Bernardo. (*calling in a low voice*) Count! Count!

Hilario. He mistakes me for somebody else.

Bernardo. Your excellence!

Hilario. It's an excellent mistake, however.

Bernardo. Where are you?

Hilario. (*in a feigned low voice.*) He—ere.

Bernardo. I have brought the spade and dagger as you ordered.

Hilario. Give them to me.

Bernardo. (*putting one in each hand*) You feel cold.

Hilario. Yes—it's so hot.

Bernardo. Hot! it's a dreadful night—but all will soon be over. I'll enter the recess the back way, and lead the victim down the steps into the marble hall—'tis yours to give the blow.

Hilario. I will, I will.

Bernardo. Till then farewell! [*Exit.*

Hilario. (*the spade in one hand, the dagger in the other.*) Give the blow! gad, if I don't take great care I shall get the blow. I shiver from head to heel like a top-sail in a storm. This murder-loving villain has kindly indulged me with two instruments, one to kill myself with, and the other to dig my own grave.

Enter COUNT.

Count. Bernardo, why do you loiter so? Is this a time to delay? what, silent; do you shrink at last? Give me the means—I'll do the rest myself, faithless coward! [*Snatches the dagger and goes out.*

Hilario (solus) Faithless coward! aye so it seems, else shou'd I leave poor Carlos to battle with these two butchers alone? No by heaven! (*Thunder*) aye, growl on, I'll extricate my friend or perish with him (*opens door where Carlos went out*) bless me, how dark! would I had half a dozen lacqueys at my back with a flambeau in each hand. If a man must be executed, I think the more parade the better.

[*Exit thro' door.*

SCENE III.

A large antique hall, with black marble pillars on each side, distant from the wings—an open arch at the back, discovering a stone flair-case, leading from an upper apartment.

Enter COUNT *with dagger.*

Count. What could Bernardo mean? He seem'd fix'd and motionless. He will not sure betray me—impossible (*a noise of opening locks*) hark! hark! the door opens—he leads her down—the dreadful scene approaches—I'll conceal myself awhile.

[*Retires behind pillars.*

[*Bernardo with a lighted torch in his hand, leads Julia down the flair-case into the marble hall.*

Bernardo My duty is discharg'd—lady, I take my leave.

Julia Oh Bernardo! do not leave me thus—tho' in the lone recess, where I have been so long confined, without one succouring friend to cheer my solitude, tho'

tho' when you daily brought my ſcanty pittance, a gloomy ſilence mark'd your ſhort'ned ſtay; now, I conjure you, grant my laſt requeſt, ere ſuffering nature ſink to long oblivion—ſay, why am I now brought forth?

Bernardo. I but obey the mandate of my lord, your huſband.

Julia. My huſband! ſay my tyrant, murderer.

Bernardo. I muſt not liſten to ſuch epithets.

Julia. Did he not, under pretence of riding for my health, entice me to this ſequeſtered ſpot, attended only by yourſelf? Did he not, on a ſudden, force me from my horſe, drag me thro' various dark apartments, and lodge me in that vaulted room, from whence you now have led me?

Bernardo. Lady, he is here. [*Exit, returns.*

Julia. (*calling after him*) Oh ſtay—protect me—do not abandon a poor helpleſs female, to ſuch deteſted hands.

Count. (*advancing, the dagger concealed*) 'Tis well, Madam—I ſee your haughty ſpirit ſtill continues—ſoftneſs might have ſubdued my feeble nature—and woman's tears, might have produced a womaniſh compaſſion.

Julia Fear not, ferocious man—no tears can ſoften thy obdurate heart, nor will compaſſion find a votery there.

Count. Once again, I'll deign to aſk what puniſhment you think your conduct merits.

Julia. Talk'ſt thou of conduct! can'ſt thou mention wrongs? Thou who haſt injured me beyond deſcription—ſtabbed my fair fame; robbed me of health, and cut me off from every hope in life.

Count. Thyſelf alone, hath wrought thy own undoing—hath cauſed the woes you have already borne—the pangs you yet muſt ſuffer—am I not thy huſband?

Julia. Oh, profane not thus the ſacred appellation—a huſband! honor'd name! wooes the ſoft virgin in the morn of life—wooes, if her heart be free, and fairly wins, but thou—

Count.

Count. Well Madam! what of me?

Julia. To gratify a base, unworthy passion—knowing my soul was wedded to another, left no dishonourable means untried, to force a wretched maid, heart-broken, to your arms—had not disgusted nature made me shun thee.

Count. Call it not nature, but adulterous love—a wanton flame excited by another—an outcast, rejected by your parent.

Julia. Unhappy parent! who, misled by treachery, and lured by gain, both doom'd his child to misery and death.

Count. Art thou then prepared?

Julia. If innocence and purity of mind be preparation, then am I ready. If, with a heart susceptible of every soft emotion, to have lavished all the tenderness of growing years, on one whom I am taught to think unworthy, whilst a hated tyrant holds me at his disposal, be the height of human woe, then is the grave my only refuge.

Count. To make that grave more welcome—know, ill-fated fair, thy minion was not false!

Julia. (*exclaiming*) Not false! not wedded to another.

Count. No—devoted but to thee, he wanders o'er the earth, a wretched exile.

Julia. You have pierced me to the soul—now draw thy murderous steel—thou can'st not wound me more.

Count. To save you from a disgraceful union, I plann'd this honest artifice—to save myself from shame, I brought you hither.—

Julia. To save thy own coward heart.

Count. (*in great agitation*) Coward! be advis'd—desist—'twere fatal to go on.

Julia. Yes, coward—to glut thyself in a weak woman's blood; alone—defenceless—lost to every human being—none to protect—none to avenge her death—else had the valiant youth, whom thou, at distance, dared calumniate, awed by dastard spirit with a frown:

Count.

Count. (*drawing his dagger.*) 'Tis too much—since thou wilt provoke.

Julia. Strike, monster, strike—for with my lateſt breath, I will adore his virtues, and execrate thy baſeneſs.

Count. (*Going to ſtab her.*) Then breathe thy laſt.

Enter CARLOS (*Julia faints in his arms.*)

Carlos. Hold—ruffian!—murderer!

Count. (*Retiring.*) Confuſion! he here! What ho! Bernardo. [*Goes out haſtily.*

Carlos. (*Julia in his arms.*) Revive, my Julia! Let me not again loſe you, thus unexpectedly reſtored.

Julia. (*Looking wildly round.*) Oh! Save me from that tyrant!

Carlos. Be not alarm'd, my angel—recall your ſcatter'd ſpirits—'tis your Carlos, who implores.

Julia. Carlos! My long loſt, my unhappy friend! —Oh, my diſtracted thought! by what magic are you here?

Carlos. By that, which from the firſt moment I beheld you, influenced all my actions—by the magic of your blooming graces, the memory of our endearments, the misery of our ſeparation, the dreadful uncertainty of your fate.——

Julia. Carlos! I have been ſadly uſed——Anguiſh and diſtreſs have been my portion, ſince you left me.

Carlos. Did I leave you, Julia?

Julia. Oh no! Julia deſerted you—forſook the dear poſſeſſor of her firſt affections—But, tho' not yours, believe me, I have never been another's.

Carlos. How! Are you not wife to the Count? May I once more preſs you to this faithful boſom?

Julia. (*Retreating.*) Deſiſt—it muſt not be—time will unravel all—O Carlos! feel for your devoted Julia—And the more you hear of my misfortunes, the more you will reſpect them—Had I not believed

you

you false, a parent's threat, a father's supplication, had been equally in vain.

Enter HILARIO—BERNARDO's *sword in his hand.*

Hilario. Dem'me, how I peppered him! the scoundrel—hah! my honoured Lady Julia—he told me you was alive—let me thus speak my joy. [*Kneels.*

Carlos. Where have you been, my friend?—to whom doth that sword belong?

Hilario. To one of the butchers, to be sure—I have got him hung in a closet, and you may peep at him thro' the iron bars, as you would at a curiosity—I'll have him flown for a sight—Oh! Carlos, had you seen my courage—I wanted nothing but a live lady to animate me—for the moment I heard how it was, Madam—I fought like a lion.

Carlos. You deserve everything.

Hilario. I drove him down a flair-case—whisk'd him thro' a trap door—dragg'd him over the dusty rubbish—caged—and hung him with his trophy—but what's become of the other butcher?

Carlos. Fled, like a guilty coward—but I'll pursue him thro' the world.

Hilario. And so will I—in the mean—Though my hand is in, and I could fight a legion of Bedlam bubs.

Julia. Oh, my friends! let me conjure you to proceed no further—leave the wretch to the reproaches of a guilty conscience, to the rage of disappointed malice—Carlos, you have saved my life, now protect my fame—conduct me to my father's house—there alone, my harass'd mind can find a peace.

Carlos. Forgive the imprudency of a man, torn with contending passions—agitated at once by love, resentment, by hope, and by despair—your fame has ever been dearer to me than my own—let us then, quit this scene of horror, and restore my injur'd Julia to her paternal roof.

Julia. Attempt not, Carlos, to accompany me home—you know how much my father is incensed against

against you—should we be seen together, 'twill give such colour to the Count's calumny, as may prove injurious to us both—for the whole story will so crowd upon his mind—

Hilario. Egad, so it will—then the tables may be turn'd upon us, and Ebony make us appear as black as himself—now, leave every thing to me—Fractioso and all—I am the man for the old one—if Lady Julia will trust herself to my care, I'll undertake to convey her, unseen, to the apartment of her sister, my adored Constantia; and then we can manage her return to life with all proper decorum.

Julia. Lead on.

Carlos. Must we then part so soon? Oh Julia, form'd for the enjoyment of social tenderness, my heart is doom'd to suffer unceasing disappointment. At least, let me conduct you safely thro' the arched vaults, and narrow passages, that fill this melancholy pile—then will I pursue the guilty Count, and consign him to the vengeance of offended laws.

Julia. Take with thee, Carlos, all the love I dare to offer, every anxious wish I freely can bestow.

Hilario. And as you don't want any of my courage, I'll take it all with me, to guard my precious charge—and then, fire and tow! let me see who will dare to come within arms length of us.

Carlos. What is to be done with the owner of your trophy there.

Hilario. Ay, the rascal in the pound—we must take him with us, and secure his evidence, by promise of pardon.

Carlos. But notwithstanding your *courage*, Hilario, 'twill be as prudent to have some officers of justice to assist us.

Hilario. Certainly—for the most dauntless spirit may be sometimes seized with a cold perspiration—but never mind—move on—I'll lead the way (*brandishing his sword*) follow close if you please tho', and we shall sooner be out of this cursed old den of Philistines. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A ROOM *in* FRACTIOSO'S HOUSE.

Enter ANNETTE *haſtily.*

Annette. Where can my young Lady be gone? I have ſearch'd for her all over the houſe—ſhe muſt certainly have gone abroad—and ſhe may thank me for the opportunity—how aſtoniſh'd ſhe will be, when ſhe knows what I have overheard—I muſt ſay, my talent for liſtening has been of great ſervice to me in life, and has help'd me to unravel a number of myſteries.

SONG.

A ſweet ſcented courtier once gave me a kiſs,
And promis'd me mountains, if I would be his;
But ſoon I found courtiers were callous to ſhame,
And mountains and whole hills with them were the ſame.

[TO BE SPOKEN.]

For that very night, when I was at my favourite amuſement, liſtening, I heard a ruſtling of ſilks upon the ſtair-caſe, there was my ſpark making love to my Lady's maid, rigged out in an old caſt off, of her miſtreſſes: ſo—

Soon I found courtiers were callous, &c.

II.

A widow, whoſe tears were unceaſingly ſhed,
For her ſpouſe, her protector, her all that was dead;
Made me wonder the dame ſhould ſuch ſorrow ſurvive,
Till I found that ſhe had a kind couſin alive.

[TO BE SPOKEN.]

For calling one day, with ſome bombazeen to renew her weeds with, I overheard a parley in the back drawing-

drawing-room, " come, widow, don't carry on this " farce any longer, it's troubleſome to be ſqueezing " out tears from morning to night, marry me at once, " you know my merit—I managed your late huſ- " band's buſineſs the laſt five years of his life."

No longer I wonder'd the dame ſhould ſurvive,
When I found that ſhe had a kind couſin alive.

III.

A maiden of ſixty, ſo pure and ſo prim,
As tall as a maypole, and nearly as ſlim,
Proteſted her pleaſures in life were all o'er,
At length I perceiv'd ſhe'd one comfort in ſtore.

[TO BE SPOKEN.]

For being invited to a ſnug diſh of tea and a little ſcandal, I chanced to go ſomewhat ſooner than I was expected, and paſſing her chamber I heard the corner cupboard unlock, and the following ſoliloquy. " Come " to my heart, my beſt ſupporter; man, faithleſs " man, has ſlighted and deceived me, you are the only " warm friend I have."

So I plainly perceived, tho' laid flat on the floor,
Life ſtill has one comfort for maids of three ſcore.

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Conſtantia. Annette, what can have detained Hilario ſo long?

Annette. What can have detained you ſo long? I have ſomething to tell you of the utmoſt importance.

Conſtantia. What mean you? For Heaven's ſake be explicit—has any thing happened to him?

Annette. Yes, Ma'am, to him, and to her, and to me, and to all the world.

Conſtantia. If you have any love for me, I conjure you to ſhorten the miſery of ſuſpence—ſay, is he dead?

Annette. No, Madam—nor is she dead—nor I—nor any body else—we are all come to life again.

Constantia. You rave, Annette—or do you find delight in torturing your unhappy mistress?

Annette. I torture you, my dear young Lady! I had rather torment a dozen lovers from morning till night, than give you one moment's uneasiness, but I am so confounded, and so overjoyed, and so perplexed, and so——

Constantia. What can be the matter?

Annette. Why then, as I hope for one husband at least, I have some reason to think that my Lady Julia is not dead.

Constantia. How! my sister alive?

Annette. You shall hear—just now, as I was standing in the passage, thinking of nothing, and peeping, as I now and then do, in a little pocket looking-glass, who should whisk by me, but the Count Montoni.

Constantia. What of him?

Annette. He look'd alarm'd and confused, and I am convinced he didn't know what he was about.

Constantia. Why so?

Annette. Because he took no more notice of me, than if I had been the meerest dowdy in all Messina—so I was determined to go and listen at the door of your father's library, where they were locked up together.

Constantia. Well!

Annette. At first I heard some muttering about an old castle, and then the words, "Carlos and murder."

Constantia. "Carlos and murder!" Alas my poor Hilario, no wonder you are not returned.

Annette. Don't be uneasy, Madam—I am certain no mischief has happened; for I heard the old Gentleman exclaim, "Julia not dead, then Carlos must "be laid hold of," and so, Ma'am, I ran to acquaint you with the news.

Constantia. If you love me, Annette, steal softly back again and try if you can discover any thing further.

Annette.

Annette. I will, my dear Lady—liſtening is my forte—and for ſounds, ſhew me who has a finer ear than myſelf. [*Exit.*

Conſtantia. My ſiſter ſtill living! Can it be poſſible? Some dreadful myſtery remains to be diſcovered—oh! Julia, how deplorable muſt have been your ſituation.

SONG. CONSTANTIA.

In the cup of female life,
Pleaſure ſwims precarious,
Ah! Well-a-day!
Every draught to maid or wife,
Flows with ſorrows various,
Ah! Lack-a-day!

Fear, our infant peace deſtroys,
Cold reſtraint, our youth annoys,
Falſehood poiſons riper joys,
So the cup of female life,
Bitter is, to maid or wife,
Ah! Lack, and ah! Well-a-day!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Sea proſpect in the vicinity of MESSINA, *with a view of* SCILLA *and* CHARIBDIS—SCILLA *is a rock, with a light-houſe upon it*—CHARIBDIS, *a whirlpool below, on which the light is to ſhine.*

Suppoſed to be late in the evening, and the ſtage to be ſomewhat darkened.

Enter CLODDY.

Cloddy. Sure as I'm born, a pretty tight ſportſman, ſomething queer is going to happen, by reaſon my right eye did ſo tickle and itch this morning—and our cat made up ſuch a woundy thick tail, that—but where o' the naime o' dickens have I wandered to? Ho! I ſees—there be my old friends, Scylla and Charibdis—

they say, whoever gets clear o' the first, falls plump down into the latter, that's for certain—if you don't break your head against the rock, you are drowned below in the whirlpool—ah, it's the same with the women—the moment you get quitten o' one, pop, you're laid hold of by another.

SONG.

Love is nought but care
  Sorrow and repentance,
If the object's fair,
  Sooner comes your sentence.
Round a pretty wife,
  Swarm your pretty fellows,
She's set up for life,
  You're set down for jealous.
Thus do married men,
  Knowledge to discover,
School-boy like, again
  Con their Horn book over.
Tol-de-rol-de-rol.

If no longer young,
  Madam's teeth are going,
Still she has a tongue,
  Which you're sure of knowing,
Morning, noon and night
  Clatter, clatter, clatter,
Tho' she cannot bite,
  Sweetly she can chatter,
Charming honey moon!
  How they munch and mumble!
Presto, changed the tune,
  How they growl and grumble!
Tol-de rol.

Thus from ponting lips,
  Or from pouting temper,
Madam often trips,
  Spouse would often *hemp* her—
Oh, what blissful state!
  When such doves are billing—
Short indeed the date,
  Such delights are killing:
So, my saucy song,
  Tho' indeed no fib 'tis,
Stiles both old and young,
  Scilla or Charibdis.
Tol-de-rol-de-rol.

Enter

Enter ANNETTE—*(haſtily.)*

Annette. Oh, Brother! My dear brother Cloddy, I'm glad I've met you—I'm almoſt frighten'd out of my wits.

Cloddy. That's unlucky—becauſe why—you ha' no great deal to ſpare.

Annette. Then I'm a true ſiſter—I take after you—but no matter—I have ſuch wonderfull news to tell you.

Cloddy. It's no more than I expected—I thought our cat's tail did not ſwell for nothing—what be it?

Annette. Why, I never liſten—but I have a way of overhearing, you know.

Cloddy. Yes, I know you have—wounds, here's Scilla and Charibdis both in one—but on with you.

Annette. Well—I heard the Count tell my old maſter, that his daughter Julia, my dear loſt lady, was ſtill alive—that the great burial was all a ſham—and that ſhe was found ſecreted in an old caſtle, under the protection of Signor Carlos, her firſt lover, who, he ſays, aided by Conſtantia and Hilario, were the authors of the whole contrivance.

Cloddy. Od ratten! I don't believe it—I believe that black dog I uſed to ſee on the parapet, was the real poacher; he and the Count, depend on't, were the knaves that laid the ſnares.

Annette. So I think—and therefore I have ventured abroad this dark night, at my Lady's deſire, in hopes I may be able to ſee Madam Julia, who, they ſay, is ſtill at the caſtle, and give her intelligence of the plots that are carrying on againſt her at this moment.

Cloddy. Oh! ho! So then I find your great folks carry on their plots in the dark, as well as us little ones.

Annette. Yes; the old Gentleman, at the inſtigation of the Count, has ſummoned the city guard to their aſſiſtance, and ordered the gallies to row round

the light houſe, in caſe Carlos and his friend ſhould put off to ſea; for he has reſolved this very night to arreſt, and convey them to priſon. Come with me, brother—there is not a moment to loſe.

[*Noiſe without.*

Cloddy. No—nor a moment to find neither; for here are the whole poſſe at our heels, and as I don't much like a priſon—why I'll make bold to ſtep behind that tree; and liſten, ſiſter, as you do, by way of overhearing. [*Runs behind the tree.*

Annette. And ſo muſt I too, by way of ſecurity.

[*Gets behind another tree,*

Enter COUNT, FRACTIOSO, *Guards, &c. &c. with torch lights.*

Fractioſo. *(entering)* Go forward with the lights, I tell you—I can't ſee an inch before my noſe (*advances*) This it is to be hauled out at midnight, when we ought to be ſnug in our beds.

Count. Conſider, Sir, the honour of your family, which muſt be ſupported.

Fractioſo. (*peeviſhly*) So I do, Count—I do conſider it—but I can't help ſaying, I wiſh it could be ſupported in broad day, with a warm ſun over our heads—nothing can be ſo dreadful, as the ſhrieking of owls, and the croaking of frogs, when one muſt climb battlements, and dive into caverns

Count. Undoubtedly—and unleſs fame and property were at ſtake.

Fractioſo. There it is—was it not for one's property, I ſhould not much care

Count. Who knows to what lengths the conſpirators may go?—detection may make them deſperate.

Fractioſo. Zounds! ſo it may—that raſcal, Hilario, is one of the gang I warrant.—He's a moſt deſperate dog, believe me.

Count. No doubt he is.

Fractioſo That fellow, and his friend Carlos, have been my torment theſe five years, on and off. They come in at a window to one daughter, and lock another

ther up in a caſtle—look ye, Count, I can't ſay I ever doubted you—and now I am convinced that Conſtantia—Carlos—Julia—that damn'd Hilario, and all of them, have joined in a conſpiracy to rob and murder us—for if they bring dead people to life, they ſoon can make live people dead.

Count. You know, Signor, that your daughter Julia went to Palermo, at your own requeſt, for change of air; it was not then in my power to attend her—news was brought to us of her deceaſe, and funeral honours followed in due courſe—this you are acquainted with—but you know not, perhaps, that Carlos's ſervant, if not himſelf, was diſcovered prying about during the ſolemnity.

Fractioſo. Zounds! I'm all over in a conflagration—where is the caſtle? which is the road? I'll ſeize them myſelf—hah! here are ſome of them—ſtand back—keep back with the lights—let's liſten—mum! (*they retire.*)

[*Exeunt guards and men with lights.*

Enter JULIA *and* HILARIO, *followed by* BERNARDO, *guarded.*

Julia. Would we were at home! 'tis a dreary, diſmal journey, in the dead of night.

Hilario. No doubt you think ſo—ſince you have been obliged to ſeparate yourſelf from poor Carlos.

Fractioſo. (*aſide to the Count.*) Did you mind that, Count—I told you I ſaw thro' the plot—there's no deceiving me.

Julia. I dread the meeting with my father—he is ſo credulous and partial to the Count.

Hilario. I know it—but if he won't believe his own eyes, and will perſiſt in perſecuting you, do you think I'll ſtand tamely by—no—as I have brought you from one old tottering fabric, I won't ſee you entomb'd in another.

Fractioſo.

Fractioso. (*rushing forward.*) You won't,—you imp—you puppy, won't you?—Count—guards—seize him—he is the wicked one.

Hilario. No—seize the Count—there he stands; he is the wicked one. [*Guards seize Hilario.* What are you about?

Julia. (*Advancing,*) My father!

Fractioso. Keep off, cockatrice—I see thro' it all—you can't impose upon me, didn't you pretend you was dead—put the whole family to the expence of new mourning, and make us cry our eyes out?

Julia. Oh my honour'd parent! listen to your child.

Count. Regard her not—false to her husband, will she be just to her parent?

Fractioso. I won't hear a word—you're an ungrateful girl, and as low minded as that rascal we have caught you with—you would rather live in an old cellar with Carlos, than in a superb mansion with the noble Count, your husband.

Hilario. (*To guards.*) Unhand me, that I may tear that noble monster piece-meal—come forward, you penitent tool of authority—you promised, if I wou'd unpound you, to speak the truth?

Count Speak, Bernardo! you can protect me from the slanderer's tongue, but for you I had fallen by the poignard of that assassin, Carlos, who having stained my honour, wou'd have dyed it deeper with my blood.

Bernardo. True my lord—but for me, your life had been sacrificed. But for me, your fame would now be destroyed—give me liberty, and I will fully explain the guilt of Carlos, and his vile associates.

Hilario. Guilt of Carlos! oh Belzebub! that thou should'st suffer mortals thus to outdo thee.

Fractioso. Stop that fellow's mouth, and release Bernardo—I want no further proof—Carlos shall be hang'd, and you sent to the gallies for life.

Hilario. What, tie me to an oar!—Is this the way a grandee shou'd treat his future son-in-law?

Fractioso.

Fractioſo. Will nobody ſtop that fellow's mouth? You, Madam, ſhall be convey'd to ſome remote diſtance, to try if confinement will reſtore you to a ſenſe of your duty.

Julia. Confinement, alas, has itſelf no terror for your child—But if nature yet pleads for me in your breaſt, Oh, let my priſon be my father's home—devote me not again, to horror and to death.

Fractioſo. What do you mean by being devoted? Isn't the Count your huſband, a man of honour—a man of fortune, rank and title?—you would be devoted only to that villain Carlos.

Hilario. Carlos is not a villain—I'll tell you what—his ſoul is right honourable, every inch of it, whilſt that of the Count is like the old ſhabby bit of parchment that deſcribes his titles—black, white, narrow, cold, and ſhrivelled.

Count. Contemptible defamer!

Fractioſo. Here's a fellow! talk to me of a ſhabby bit of parchment—I that am Vice Legate, Prætor, Nuncio, Viguier, Rota, Scrota, and ſo forth—away with him to the gallies—away.

Julia. (*kneeling.*) On my knees let your unhappy daughter ſue to you for juſtice—tho' doomed herſelf to inevitable deſtruction, let not her brave deliverer be the victim of his own compaſſionate heart.

Hilario. Spare yourſelf the trouble, Ma'am—I have done my duty as becomes the future ſon-in-law to a grandee—life's an eternal ſee-ſaw—now I am a poor galley ſlave—in a month, perhaps, I may make a cockſwain—in another, captain of a ſquadron, and in a third, Vice Legate, Prætor, Viguier, Nuncio, Rota, Scrota, and ſo forth.

Fractioſo. (*in a great paſſion.*) Take him away, I tell you, and clap him in irons.

[*Hilario is carried off.*

Now, Count, we'll go and engage a veſſel—meanwhile Montauban, with ſome choſen ſoldiers, ſhall purſue Carlos—We'll revenge ourſelves I warrant—an impudent ragamuffin, to compare me to a ſhabby bit of parchment—zounds! I'll have his hide ſo tann'd,

tann'd, that a troop of drummers may find employment upon it—lead on, torch-bearers! [*Exeunt.*

ANNETTE *and* CLODDY, *come from behind trees.*

Cloddy. Here's a pretty business! talk of my laying snares! why, no poacher in all Sicily can trap this fox of a Count—odrattes it! I should like to unkennel him.

Annette. Do, my dear Cloddy—think how they've treated that sweet, kind hearted, laughter-loving gentleman, my young mistress's favourite.

Cloddy. Yes; and I knows he to be innocent—for I myself shewed him into the castle—and if so be, I had na been afraid of ghostesses, I would ha' gone in too.

Annette. Dear, dear, how my poor young lady will take on—she was so eager to see her sister again, and so anxious to find her lover again, that she prevailed on Valoury, Carlos' servant, late as it was, to endeavour to hire a boat—and I shou'dn't be at all surprized if she was to cross the bay to the castle this very night—hist! isn't that music on the water.

[*Some notes of music are heard at a distance.*

Cloddy. (*listening.*) Yes—sure enough it is—hark! it comes nearer—it's some boatmen singing as they row to shore—let us hide ourselves again.

[*they retire.*

A row-gally with lighted lanthorns on board is seen at a distance, rowing towards the shore—music and voices are distinguish'd, Chorus at first faintly heard, gradually growing louder—a noise like the splashing of oars occasionally distinguished.

Chorus.

Chorus of Boatmen.

Chearly, chearly, join the ſtrain,
Mingling with the daſhing oar;
As we plow the placid main,
Gaining ſwift the welcome ſhore;
Now of Scylla's rock take care—
Of Charibdis too beware—
Briſk and gay,
Row away,
Hold—now take the ſtuff in hand;
Spring on ſhore—we've reach'd the land.

CONSTANTIA, (*veiled*) *is handed out of the galley by* VALOURY.

VALOURY.

'Tis ſo dark, I wond'rous glad am,
That we're landed, deareſt madam.

CONSTANTIA—*to Boatmen.*

Thank ye, friends, for all your trouble;
Stay, and I'll reward you double.

Chorus of Boatmen.

Glad we wait for your commands.

CONSTANTIA.

Tell us where the Caſtle ſtands.

Chorus of Boatmen.

In the dell—thro' yonder wood,
There it hath for ages ſtood.

ANNETTE—*coming forward, as they are going off.*

Stop, deareſt lady—the birds are all flown—
Your father—your ſiſter, your lover are gone.

CLODDY—*advancing.*

The old one, for certain, has carried them off.

CONSTANTIA.

Annette, is it you—do you treat us with ſcoff?

VALOURY,

VALOURY, CLODDY, *and* CHORUS.

What old one, what old one, has carried them off?

Duet—ANNETTE *and* CLODDY.

If you ſtay, you'll be undone.

Voices without, echoed by voices in ſeveral gallies coming to them.

Holloa! Holloa!
Holloa! Holloa!

CLODDY.

As we told you, we're undone.

VALOURY.

Whither, whither ſhall we run?

Chorus of Sailors—landing.

Stop, and ſeize them every one.

Chorus—CLODDY, VALOURY, ANNETTE *and* CONSTANTIA.

This way—this way—let us run.

Chorus of Soldiers—ruſhing from the wings.

We'll ſecure them every one.

Chorus without.

We've found them—we've found them.

MONTAUBAN—*with more Soldiers.*

Surround them—ſurround them,
And bring them this way.

Chorus of Soldiers returning with CLODDY, VALOURY *Ladies, &c. Soldiers aſſiſting.*

No ſtruggling—no ſtruggling.

VALOURY *and* CLODDY.

Releaſe us, we pray.

MONTAUBAN.

Your entreaties are in vain,
Straight to priſon you muſt go.

All

All the Party.

What's our crime?

Chorus of Soldiers, &c.

We can't explain—
When you ſuffer, you will know—

VALOUR *and* CLODDY.

Oh, ho, ho, ho! Oh, ho, ho!
That will be too late to know.

Duet—CONSTANTIA *on one ſide of* MONTAUBAN, ANNETTE *on the other, lifting their veils.*

CONSTANTIA.

Is it thus a young Lady you uſe?

ANNETTE.

Or thus a kind ſweetheart abuſe?

MONTAUBAN.

Annette! Conſtantia! Much I fear
Some ſad diſaſter brings you here;
Is Carlos with you?

Four Voices.

No—no—no—no,
He's gone—and home we wiſh to go.

MONTAUBAN.

Home I'll conduct you—theſe are our friends; [*To Soldiers.*
All may retire—the conteſt ends.

VALOUR *and* CLODDY.

You are our friends—
The conteſt ends.

Chorus.

Theſe are our friends.
The conteſt ends.

MONTAUBAN.

Comrades, farewell—all ſheath the ſword,
You'll march with us (*To Soldiers*) you'll ſtraight on board.
(*To Sailors.*

Chorus of Soldiers.
We'll march with you.

Chorus of Soldiers.
We'll ſtraight on board.

ALL.
While the trumpets chearful ſounding,
Echo thro' the woods ſurrounding.
Comrades, farewell, &c.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The ramparts of* MESSINA, *with a view of the quay and harbour, where a veſſel is ſeen at anchor, with ſails bent—on one ſide near the front, the gates of the city, with a centry box.*

The CENTINEL *diſcovered on duty—A porter paſſes towards the quay, with a large cheſt.*

Centinel. Gad! it's a raw morning—I wiſh they'd come and relieve guard—there goes another heavy load—I have ſeen old Signor Fractioſo's ſervants buſied theſe two hours, in conveying things on board that veſſel—I wonder what it can mean? But it's no affair of mine—when the old begin to move off, there's more room for the young to move on, that's my comfort.

Enter ſix ſoldiers—HILARIO *as one, in uniform, with large muſtachios.*

Hilario. Stay, my ſweet—my dear comrades; don't leave me here in the cold.

Serjeant.

Serjeant. Peace, you ungrateful varlet—was'nt it at your own requeſt, and thro' the intereſt of good Montauban, that your puniſhment of being a galley-ſlave for life, was remitted, on condition of ſerving as a ſoldier? and now would you ſtill grumble?

Hilario. I tell you I don't underſtand the exerciſe.

Serjeant. Don't you? then we'll teach it you—come—proceed.

[*They go thro' the ceremony of relieving guard—Hilario does it awkwardly, and is left as Centinel on duty.*

Serjeant. (*Going.*) At your peril quit your poſt.

[*Exit with ſoldiers.*

Hilario. (*Solus.*) Now don't I cut a pretty figure, whiſkered up to the eyes like a Turk, and loaded with arms like a baggage waggon—If I ſtay, I ſhall be flogged for not knowing my duty. Suppoſe I run away—no, I'll be *ſhot* if I do—I know the worſt on't—to ſubmit like my betters in office, to be cut up a little—here's an habitation for the future ſon-in-law to a Grandee! no furniture—no ſtate apartments! (*examines centry box.*) However, here's a good lock and key to the premiſes, and they pay no taxes—but ſhall I never ſee my brave friend, Carlos again, nor embrace my divine Conſtantia?—no—no more ſalutes for me, but with a drawn ſword, or a muſquet—ah! poor, poor Hilario!

[*Walks about, flouriſhing his arms.*

Enter CLODDY.

Cloddy. So, ſo, there's the ſhip I ſee—all ready to ſail—ay, ay, I knew as how there was ſome infamous poaching going forward—but I'll expoſe the old curmudgeon—I'll fetch ſiſter, and ſetten her on—ſhe'll cackle—I know ſhe will—for no man ſhall take bread out o'my mouth—no man in all Sicily ſhall poach but myſelf, if I can help it—(*going, comes againſt Hilario.*) ah, Centinel! how do you do?

Hilario. Zounds! this is Annette's brother—he don't know me in my regimentals—he may be uſeful (*aſide*) well! how are you? It's very cold indeed—ſo let's get warm by ſhaking hands—you're a fine fellow! [*they ſhake hands.*

Cloddy. Yes, and an honeſt fellow too;—for when ſo be, I ſees miſchief going forwatd, that I've no hand in, I always tries to prevent it.

Hilario. (*Echoing.*) Yes, you have no hand in it, and therefore tries to prevent it.

Cloddy. Yes;—now do you ſee that veſſel down in the harbour—it belongs to that old piece of tottera-tion, Fractioſo—he that is the Vice-legate.

Hilario, Rota, Scrota, and ſo forth. I know him—well, what is he going to do with that veſſel?

Cloddy. I'll tell you—he has gotten a houſe in the remote part of the country, among the mountains on the ſea-coaſt—and he is going to take his daughter there, and all his plate, and his jewels, and every thing he can carry away.

Hilario. What can be his motive for that?

Cloddy. Why, they ſays he don't like the Count Montoni, her huſband, as well as he was uſed, and they have had words together, and I ſuppoſe he thinks, if he doesn't ſecure the property himſelf, the Count will do it for him.

Hilario. Likely enough—but hasn't he another daughter?

Cloddy. Yes; but ſhe has no huſband to make any claims, and to take care that ſhe never ſhall, he has ſent her to a convent.

Hilario. To a convent, has he?

Cloddy. Sure enough—to keep her out of the way of a moſt miſchevous fellow, one Hilario—do you know him? he's the wickedeſt dog—

Hilario. Ay, that he is—I know him as well as I do myſelf—but ſee here's the old man coming.

Cloddy. There he is, an old rogue—leading his daughter to be baniſhed—od rabbit it—ſiſter can know nothing of this flight;—I doubt ſhe ha' been off her liſtening, or ſhe'd raiſe the whole city with her clack—how

—how a' name o'fortune has he made Madam Julia conſent to go? But ſhe's a ſweet lady, that's the truth on't, and as tractable as a ſtaunch pointer.

Hilario. Can't you contrive to aſſiſt the lady? I dare ſay you're full as clever as you're honeſt.

Cloddy. I tell you what, centinel—I wou'd do any thing to ſerve her, becauſe why, when I accidentally tumbled down once, and killed a large covey of partridges, ſhe interfered with her father, and ſaved me from a dangerous ſore throat *(ſhews his meaning with his hand)* oh, you old hard hearted bit of juſtice! [*runs out.*

Enter FRACTIOSO, *leading in* JULIA, *followed by a Servant with a travelling cloak and hat.*

Fractioſo. It don't ſignify talking—you muſt go and you ſhall go—and I will have you go—I tell you again, between the mad Count, and the cunning Carlos, I don't think my life is worth a year's purchaſe.

Julia. Had Carlos been ſo inconſiderate, as to entertain improper hopes, the letter you have juſt now obliged me to write to him, muſt have extinguiſhed them all—Oh Sir! why did I write but to oblige my father—where do I wiſh to live and die, but under his protecting roof? Let me not however, be torn from my loved ſiſter, the partner of my infancy, the only companion of my happy days, I ever now can cheriſh.

Fractioſo. Your ſiſter is ſafe enough in a cloiſter—ſhe has no huſband to frighten her poor father—don't you remember how fierce the Count look'd at our laſt interview! he knit his brows and ſaid, "Ough! I will have my wife"—then you cried—"no—no" then he replied, "blood and oons! I will have her dowry" then I too, cried, "no, no"—ſo I am determined to hide both you and the property, where they will be ſafe from a furious huſband, and an artful lover.

Julia. Oh, Sir! consider your distress'd child!

Fractioso. Yes, and I'll consider my distressed self—I should not be surprized if they were to try to lock me up likewise in an old castle—therefore dispatch—come on board while there is nobody to interrupt—nay, no demurring—who knows but that dog Hilario, may have made his escape, and be now at hand to outwit me!

Julia. Must I then renounce every ray of hope! Oh, Carlos! Carlos!

Fractioso. Come, no crying—go to the boat—Anthonio! *(to a servant)* Conduct her on board—give me my sailing cloak and hat—I'll but wait for the Captain, and follow—take those diamonds, Julia—there, I knew you would not be disobedient.

[*Gives her a casket.*

Julia. Disobedient! Alas! an implicit submission to your will, has brought on your unhappy Julia every misfortune of her life. [*Gives her hand to the Servant, who leads her to the quay.*

Fractioso. I think there is nothing else but misfortunes when we have to deal with women—loss of property, as well as loss of time, *(looking about)* where can this sea Captain be gone to? Centinel!

[*To Hilario.*

Hilario. Your honour?

Fractioso. *(Trying to put on his cloak.)* Have you observed any body waiting here about?

Hilario. *(helping him)* I have.—Give me leave to assist your honour.

Hilario. Thank you friend—who have you observed?

Hilario. Two or three stern looking fellows.

Fractioso. Two or three!—you alarm me—who were they?—what did they say?

Hilario. They enquired if I had seen a little decrepid old gentleman, embark on board a vessel.

Fractioso. The devil they did!—I'm all over in a tremble—I dare say that devil Hilario, was one of the party—nobody else would have asked such a question.

Hilario.

Hilario. Yes, he was one—I know him—he is now one of us—he's made a soldier.

Fractioso. That's too good for him—what company is he in?

Hilario. (*ſtops putting on his cloak.*) Very indifferent at preſent—huſh!

Fractioso. Why, what the devil are you about?

Hilario. (*Putting his hand in the cloak, and bears it up to Fractioſo's eyes.*) It can't be—yet it is—there they are again—coming this way—don't you ſee them?

Fractioso. See who? why you won't let me ſee any thing.

Hilario. Who!—the ſame ſtern looking fellows that were in ſearch of the little decrepid old gentleman—and there—there's that fiend you talked of—that imp of the devil, Hilario—ſee, they're all with their ſwords drawn.

Fractioso. (*frightened*) I'm murder'd—I'm a dead man. (*muſick is heard.*) Why, they have got muſick!

Hilario. Yes, to drown your cries—don't let them ſee you—don't look at them—get into my box directly, and I'll protect you.

Fractioso. Look at them—I'm ſo terrified, I can ſcarce ſee my own way—open your door, quick, quick—(*goes to the box.*)

Hilario. (*ſhoving him in.*) There—get in—quick—and don't ſtir till I call you—nor don't be ſurprized at any thing I may do—or ſay—but think it a ſcheme of mine, to get them away.

Fractioso. (*in box*) Thank ye, thank ye, good centinel, get them away as faſt as you can.

Hilario. (*locking him in, and putting the key in his pocket.*) I will, I will—hozza! what ſoldier ever did his duty better—I've reliev'd the garriſon—impriſon'd the enemy—promoted myſelf—and now all that's left is to march off with the ſtores and baggage—ha! here's the Captain of the veſſel—now to manœuvre him.

him too. (*Puts on Fractioſo's cloak and hat, and throws his own away.*) Let me dreſs as becomes a Grandee—that is to be.

Enter CAPTAIN *and* SAILORS.

Captain. All health! Signor Fractioſo—the Lady ſtays for you on board.

Hilario. Captain, it is our pleaſure to embark—farewell Grandee—I'm off with the moveables. (*aſide, then goes up to the box*) You ſee I have got on your cloak—to get them away.

Fractioſo. (*from the box*) That's right.

Hilario. If ever you ſee that dog Hilario again, depend upon it, I'll be cloſe at his heels. [*Exit.*

Enter ANNETTE.

Annette. A fine piece of work, truly—pop off one daughter to a convent, and ſhip off another to the Lord knows where—I have already counteracted the firſt ſcheme, and hope I ſhall be in time to prevent the other—Ha! who is that coming this way? It's the wretch Bernardo—he ſeems much agitated.

Enter BERNARDO.

Bernardo. Ungrateful, treacherous villain! after having hazarded my life in his ſervice, to make an attempt upon it himſelf.

Annette. Who made ſuch an attempt, good Bernardo? Who could be baſe enough to attack ſo precious a life as your's?

Bernardo. Who? That monſter, the Count Montoni.

Annette. What, your friend and patron?

Bernardo. The ſame—finding me reſolved no longer to aſſiſt his criminal deſigns againſt the Lady Julia,

Julia, and her father, and dreading my discovery of the past, he would have secured my silence by the dagger's point.

Annette. That's one way indeed, of making one hold one's tongue.

Bernardo. I luckily averted the blow, and would have aveng'd it, but the disappointed assassin took refuge in a boat, that was waiting for him on the beach, and has, I suppose, fled his country for ever.

Annette. In my mind his country is very much obliged to him. It would be lucky if all countries could get rid of their secret enemies in the same way.

Bernardo. I am determined now, to make every atonement in my power.

Annette. Indeed, I think it's high time—So then, my friend, your assertion respecting the guilt of Carlos was a *mistake*, and the business at that old castle was——

Bernardo. O! name it not—horror and remorse o'erwhelm me—wou'd I cou'd see Signor Fractioso! he knows not that Carlos, whom he despised and rejected, has been the saviour of his daughter's life.

[*Fractioso peeps thro' a hole in the centry box.*

Annette. None but such an obstinate simpleton as my master, could have been so imposed upon.

Bernardo. He has been deceived—grosly deceived.

Annette. Oh! he's always made a fool of—he ought to be lock'd up in some place for life.

[*Fractioso peeps again.*

Enter CLODDY, *laughing.*

Cloddy. Ha! ha! ha!—sister—sister—help me to laugh a little—ha! ha! ha!

Annette. (*mocking*) Ha! ha! ha!—you don't seem to want any help. What's the matter wiseacre?

Cloddy. I'll tell you—you see that ship—old Fractioso

tioſo hired it to carry his daughter, and the reſt of his goods and chattels, to the Black Mountains, and intended to go with them himſelf—well, the Lady and the things are on board, the wind fills the main-maſt, huzza! there goes a farewell gun [*gun fires*] but inſtead of the old gentleman, who the devil do you think has taken his place?

Fractioſo. Why, the devil himſelf.

Cloddy. No, but a near relation of his—Hilario.

[*Fractioſo gives him a blow on the back with his fiſt, thro' the hole, then roars out, with his head thro' it, and kicks the door furiouſly, till he burſts it open*]

Fractioſo. You villain—holloa! ſtop the ſhip—ſave my property, that's all I care for—holloa!

[*Roaring and ſtamping.*

Enter CONSTANTIA.

Conſtantia. How has this happen'd, Sir?

Fractioſo. Out of my way, Jezebel—I dare ſay you are as bad as the reſt. [*Running about frantic.*

Annette. How came you out of the way, when a man carried off your daughter?

Fractioſo. Would he had carried you all of! ſo that he had taken nothing elſe.

Annette. O fye! that's not at all like my poor old grandmother.

Fractioſo. (*Running about in a ſtorm of paſſion.*) Curſe your poor old grandmother—there they go—but I'll be after them—you knave, you minion of that raſcally Count (*ſeizing Bernardo*) come with me—get into a ſhip, and if you overtake that veſſel, I'll ſave your life—if not, I'll erect a gallows, and hang you, and myſelf too—and you, you poaching dog, you ſhall make one of the bunch! [*Exit, taking Bernardo with him, and trying to ſeize Cloddy, who eſcapes.*

Cloddy.

Cloddy. Noa—noa—thankee for the offer—an I do ſwing, I ſhould like to have the whole tree to myſelf. [*Exit on the other ſide.*

Annette. Well, Madam—it's lucky I contrived to get you out of the convent—my talent of liſtening, has been of ſervice to us all—tho' I little thought your father was rivalling me in my art—he has overheard Bernardo's full confeſſion of the Count's guilt—and I ſhould hope the old gentleman is not quite out of his mind.

Conſtantia. But what is become of poor Carlos? you ſaid, when you delivered him my ſiſter's letter—

Annette. Ah! the one her barbarous father forced her to write to him.

Conſtantia. Forced indeed, Annette—'twas the only alternative he left her, to ſave herſelf from being again committed to the power of her tyrant huſband.

Annette. When Carlos read the cruel mandate, commanding him never to think of her more—oh! I ſhall never forget him—he pauſed—then read it again—then tore himſelf away, ſaying, he would ſeek refuge in ſome happier clime.

Conſtantia. I truſt his friend Hilario knows of his retreat.

Enter MONTAUBAN—*haſtily.*

Montauban. Lady, if you have any pity for your father, you'll haſten to the Quay. He is at this moment engaging a veſſel to ſail, he knows not where; and is ſo outrageous, I believe none but yourſelf can quiet him.

Conſtantia. I'll go to him directly—come, Annette.

Annette. Certainly—Ma'am—all theſe diſaſters are brought upon us by that deteſtable Count, your maſter. (*to Bernardo*) Huſbands indeed! I ſhould never think of ſuch wretches—and if ever, Montauban, you attempt to put your wife down into a cellar, let me adviſe

advise you to beware of your own upper story—come, madam.

[*Exit with Constantia.*

Montauban. True it is, I was a firm adherent to the Count so long as I thought him an honourable patron—now justice to myself demands that I should withdraw my services from one so treacherous and unprincipled.

SONG.—MONTAUBAN.

Vain are ambition's base designs,
And weak each fond endeavour,
While guilt the fabric undermines,
The heart is wretched ever.

Love, the dear inmate of the soul,
From honour will not sever,
It scorns oppression's rude controul,
And is commanded—never.

SCENE II.

A rocky dell on the coast of Calabria, a Fisherman's hut in view.

Enter a Fisherman.

Fisherman. (*entering*) Ah! poor Gentleman! There he goes, as usual, to mope and pine amongst those ruinated places by the sea shore—well, if as how I hadn't been in the way, he would have gone near to have died for it—this duelling is a sad thing amongst gentlefolks, tho' it seems to gain ground now, amongst people who are no gentlefolks—I think I hear somebody approaching—pray Heaven it be none of the robbers who infest this part of our Calabrian coast—tho' they can get nothing from such a poor fellow as me.

Enters.

Enter VALOURY—*hastily.*

Valoury. O lord! Where am I! I believe I'm safe at last—no, I'm not—here's another of 'em—forgive me my sins! Ah, Sir! sweet, beautiful Sir! pray don't rob and murder me; for as I live that favour has been done me already.

Fisherman. Has it indeed? Then I must say you bear it wonderfully—why, what does the fool take me for!

Valoury. Take you for? A footpad to be sure—no, I don't—I take you for a gentleman, an honourable gentleman, but a burnt child, you know.—

Fisherman. What, have you too been hurt? There is a poor wounded Signor hard by, that I have been taking care of for some days past.

Valoury. A wounded Signor! What is he called?

Fisherman. I think I saw on the back of a letter he is always reading, the name of Carlos.

Valoury. Carlos! What Carlos! He that is in love with the Lady Julia—he that is the rival of the Count Montoni—he that is master to the sweetest and best looking servant that ever had an appetite—where is he? Let me see him—I am his faithful follower—and have come here on purpose to make him laugh and be merry.

Fisherman. Then you are come to very little purpose. He's wounded both in body and mind—I fear, in spite of my skill, he'll not be long above water.

Valoury. Above water! Why, what's the matter? What has happened?

Fisherman. All I know you shall hear—returning from fishing the other evening, I saw land out of an open boat two men of decent appearance—more so than either you or I.

Valoury. (*surveying himself.*) Speak for yourself if you please—but go on.

Fisherman. I overheard one say, "This retired place will suit." The other replied; "It will—and the event will prove who best deserv'd her." Well,

they walked into a wood—I followed, to see what it all meant—directly they drew their swords, and after a round or two, one unknown gentleman fell, and the other fled, leaving him for dead.

Valoury. And the other was the Count, beyond all doubt—oh, the Lurcher! But where is my poor master? Shew me to him.

Fisherman. I am only going down to the shore to prepare my tackle ready for the next tide; and if you'll follow me, in a few minutes I'll direct you to where the poor gentleman passes most of his time. He is sadly out of sorts, that's the truth of it. But my skill, perhaps, may do something. [*Exit.*

Valoury. (Alone.) I'll fated master! Wounded both in body and mind—however, I'll raise my own spirits, lest I shou'd damp his—oh! this love! They manage those matters much better in England, that's the country for people to marry in.

SONG.

O what a country for people to marry in;
Love and its comforts they never miscarry in.
Miss wants a husband, and master a wife,
Parents consent, and they're happy for life.
If one bed won't do,
They put up with two;
The good wife loves to roam,
The good man stays at home;
At night they retire from their merry go rounds,
He's got a few bottles—she's lost a few pounds,
If such the delights such fond unions bespeak,
Say who wou'd live single a week?
Happy pair!
Say, who wou'd live single a week?

II.

Fortune, perhaps, the dear couple may smile upon;
Field for the fair to shew off her grand style upon,
A coach and six horses—a service of plate—
A beau for soft service—a dozen for state.
Should pocket be low
To traffic they go;
A great rout is declar'd,
A rich Faro prepared.

The

The guests return lighter perhaps than they went;
The supper's discharg'd, and the hosts are content.
If wedlock such permanent joys can display,
Pray, who won'd live single a day.'
Charming scene!
Pray who won'd live single a day!—

III.

Lucky in these, they have other resources too;
Sweet separation, and tender divorces too—
If our wife in a friend too much confidence puts,
We thrust a stiletto straight into his guts:
They only look big,
By a Counsellor's wig;
And the weapon they draw,
Is a limb of the law—
Both parties for damage good naturedly sue,
And their wrongs are set right by a Nabob or Jew;
If husbands such recompense have in their pow'r,
Then, who won'd live single an hour?
Pleasant rogues!
Then who won'd live single an hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A picturesque view of ruins of ancient magnificence, some standing in tolerable preservation,—some quite decayed and overgrown with ivy—the remains of a beautiful arch are seen in the middle, thro' which the sea is discernible.

CARLOS *discovered writing on a stone, part of the ruins—his arm bound up.*

Carlos. "Here died Carlos, who lived but for Julia"—that is my epitaph—there the pensive moralist, or chance wanderer, may read the little story of my fate. Those who loved me, will shed a tear of recollection to my memory; those who but profess'd it, may pass the stone unmoved—Oh Julia! could I have believed you would have used me thus? (*takes out a letter*) can it be her hand? It is, it is—alas, what can so deeply wound the heart, or

ſo fatally unfitting each nerve of life, as coldneſs and ingratitude from the object on which all our hopes are centered.

Enter VALOURY.

Valoury. There he is—bleſs me, how chang'd! can that be my once gallant maſter. Sir! Signor! Heaven be prais'd we are met once more, Sir.

Carlos. We are, and perhaps for the laſt time, my faithful Valoury—you are come to lay your maſter's aſhes in the ſilent tomb—look there.

[*Pointing to ruins.*

Valoury. (*looking*) There—why what's that hole? ſurely it is not a grave?

Carlos Why not? what place ſo proper to terminate my woes? Time's beckoning hand, amid theſe mouldering ruins, ſeems to invite decaying nature here to ſeek her laſt repoſe.

Valoury. Mercy forbid!.

Carlos. He is my death blow—fixed—determined—all will ſoon be over (*ſhews Julia's letter*) ſee—'tis Julia's hand—'tis ſhe has ſealed my doom.

Valoury. Dear Sir, don't mind what the ladies write—do let me lead you to the fiſherman's hut—think how much more comfortable even that will be, than to remain amongſt theſe broken bits of ſtone, ſo hard, that not even an oſtrich could digeſt them.

Carlos. Valoury, obſerve my final requeſt—I thought ere this, to have met the triumph of my toils; but lingering ſtrength ſtill keeps me on the brink of fate—deſpair muſt ſpeed the blow (*aſide*) when you ſhall behold me disfigured, motionleſs and pale; when that cold houſe ſhall take its tenant in, convey this ſtone to the ſpot—ſtrew ſome damp earth on your departed maſter, then fix the monument, and turn away.

Valoury. Lord! your honour, don't talk ſo dolefully.

Carlos.

Carlos. One thing beſide—ſhould chance conduct the fair one to theſe lonely ruins, point out the undeckt ſtone, tell her, one tear will not degrade her honour or incenſe—I can no more—my eyes grow dim—my ſtrength fails.

[*Sinks on Valoury's ſhoulder.*

Valoury. Alas! my dear maſter, I am like an April day, I wiſh to ſmile, but am forced to weep; my faithful ſervices were acceptable when you was happy. I hope they will be doubly uſeful now in your diſtreſs. [*A ſhip appears in ſight, and ſalutes—it muſt be the ſame veſſel that ſailed from the quay 1ſt Scene.*

There, Sir—do you hear that? Do cheer up a little—who knows but that veſſel may bring you comfort?

Carlos. What comfort can it bring to to me? misfortune has clouded all my youthful proſpects, and ſtar'ring hope beam'd forth one tranſient ray, only to fix a gloom more permanent. [*Sailors ſhout without.*

Valoury. Hear, your honour, how joyous they are—no doubt they're friends.

Carlos. Perhaps not, noiſe and uproar are often the forerunners of vice and profligacy—let us retreat, however, and ſhelter ourſelves behind theſe ivy'd towers. [*They retire behind ruins.*

Enter HILARIO *and* JULIA, *followed by ſailors.*

Hilario. Away, you rogues—away, you've ſteered right, and I have rewarded you. [*Exeunt Sailors.* So, our perſon is arrived, and all our moveables are ſafe—well, charming lady, isn't this better than the Black Mountains? they ſay Carlos is in this part of the coaſt—it would have been full as gallant, if he had come down to the ſtrand, to receive our perſon on landing.

Julia. Alas! I know not why—my heart forebodes ſome new misfortune: I ſhudder at the recollection of the unfeeling letter my father forced me to write

to him—why did the country people tell us he was buried among these ruins?

Hilario. Only a figurative expression, as we authors term it. He was always fond of poking in odd holes and corners; so, the bumpkins call it, burying himself alive—Carlos! holloa, Carlos! *(calling and looking round)* Gad, was ever lady in so whimsical a situation? Her lover hid amongst piles of old rubbish, and her father locked up in a watch-box—Carlos! Car—hah! what the devil's here? an epitaph *(reads)* "Here died Carlos, who"—dead! why it is—O Lord! Oh! ho! ho! [*Falls on a stone.*

Julia. What's the matter, Sir? are you not well?

Hilario. Well! y—e—s; very well!—never better (*rising*) "who died for Julia!"

(Looking on the stone, but pretending not.

Julia. Has any thing happened? have you hurt yourself?

Hilario. I have indeed (*rubbing his legs*) This stone's so curs'd sharp—Don't you go near it—It will cut you thro' and thro'.

Julia. You seem greatly agitated. What inscription is that? (*going up to the stone sees and reads it*) He's dead! he's dead! *(screaming)* Almighty Powers! the measure of my woes is now compleat.

Hilario. Have patience, dearest lady!

Julia. E'en this I could have borne, Hilario, had your friend's dying moments witnessed my unshaken constancy, and ever growing love—but to suppose me base, perfidious—with his last breath perhaps to curse—Oh! 'tis too much, I can't support it.

Hilario. Madam, I have little comfort to bestow—yet, let me say, that grief, when tempered with reason, honours alike the living and the dead.

Julia. (*more agitated*) Here will I pass my drooping hours of life, and weary Heaven with pray'rs for Carlos.

[*Clasps her hands in a kind of frenzy.*

Hilario (*trying to raise her*) Rise, hapless lady—be advised.

Julia.

Julia. (*with wild resignation, and trying to get up.*) Yes—let me rise—superior to my fate; let me assert the rights of nature—no brutal Lord, no tyrant father, shall restrain me more.—Yes, Carlos, I lov'd you living—I revere your memory—you early taught my heart to feel, and its last pulse shall beat for you.

Enter CARLOS *and* VALOURY, *from the ruins.*

Carlos. Then am I blest indeed—my cares are flown, and joy and rapture fill my heart anew.

Hilario. (*jumping about, and kicking down the stone.*) He lives! he lives! down with the stone, and kick all inscriptions to the devil.

Julia. My Carlos! my first, my only love—do I again behold you!

Carlos. Generous, divine Julia!—and my friend Hilario there, how has this happen'd?

Hilario. By making sure of the old one.

Carlos. What mean you?

Hilario. Only that I have lock'd daddy grandee up in a watch-box.

Julia. At leisure you shall know all.

Carlos. (*kissing her hand*) My ever lov'd, adorable Julia! you are the balm in every ill—the sole disposer of my future destiny.

Hilario. Ay, ay, all this is very fine; but pray let's talk of destiny elsewhere—come let's adjourn to some more hospitable part of the coast to a warm room, and—

Valoury. A good dinner—This cold place will starve us; I'll follow, Sir—

[*As they are retiring thro' the arch, Fractioso, Montauban, Confluntia, Annette, guards, attendants, &c. rush in and stop them.*

Fractioso. Lay hold of them—down with them—hah! hah! what have you to say now, my valiant centinel? Here's the little decrepid old gentleman come again—I perceive you're in indifferent company.

Hilario.

Hilario. [*to Carlos*] Zounds! what's to be done? O for another watch-box!

Julia. My dear Constantia! save—implore—

Fractioso. Silence in the Court! Let me get rid of what I have to say.

Carlos. Honour'd parent of my adored Julia! if you did but know——

Fractioso. I tell you I know every thing; and I know what it is to be locked up in a cupboard. First, I say I have got proofs—proofs about the story of that infernal castle—So, expect a reward for your conduct, you treacherous Quartetto [*To Hilario, Julia, Carlos, and Valoury*] What do you deserve, hah? you, Mr. Justice on your side, will you have any more partridges? answer me—no, don't—for I won't be interrupted.

Julia. [*to Constantia.*] Alas! my heart rightly foreboded some new calamity.

Fractioso. Be quiet—I say I have proofs—damn'd proofs—I have seen my sweet son-in-law, that was—heard Bernardo confront him—I have taxed him myself, and by my famous cross-examining talents I have drawn out the whole truth. The Count is no more married to my daughter than he is to me—the ceremony was a base deception upon us all—he had got another wife before.

Hilario. Huzza! and I suppose he has as many castles as wives to conceal them in.

Fractioso. Will nobody stop that fellow's mouth? I tell you I have delivered him over to the hands of justice, and Julia is her own mistress again, and free to do every thing I shall command.

Annetta. A very great indulgence, indeed!

Fractioso. Yes, and therefore I command her on pain of a nunnery to give her hand——to Carlos; he has saved her life, and now let him preserve it.

[*Julia and Carlos advancing.*

Don't say a word—I hate all speechifying except my own.

Annetta.

Annette. Moſt people ſeem to be of your honour's opinion—there's a dozen talkers to one liſtener all over the world.

Fractioſo. Don't interrupt me—while I have breath to ſpeak, let me go on—and that I may get rid of both my daughters, my two plagues at once—come here, you imp of miſchief—take Conſtantia with a very ſmall dowry—juſt to keep you cool and comfortable—arn't you a pretty fellow with your Rota, Scrota, and——

Hilario. Yes, I believe I am—I always ſaid I ſhou'd be ſon-in-law to a grandee at laſt—My dear Conſtantia's ſilence gives me room to ſpeak.

Fractioſo. Aye, and your dear Conſtantia's tongue will keep your's ſilent, if poſſible, when you're married—I never knew any of the ſex that fail'd—Annette, doesn't that put you in mind of your old grandmother too? Zounds! here are the natives coming down upon us—we'll let them partake of our joy.

Julia. Words are inadequate to ſpeak my feelings. Raiſed from the depth of woe, to the higheſt pinnacle of human happineſs, I ſcarce believe the wonderful tranſition.—A ſhort time paſt, my heart was fettered, and every ſentiment of nature ſhrunk from action—now all the energies of life ſpring forth anew, and duty, love, and friendſhip, ruſh upon me—Oh! may each varied character be well ſuſtained, that in the partial boſoms of approving friends, my future conduct may invite affection, and ſecure eſteem.

FINALE *Chorus.*

Since the gladſome hour at length arrives,
Which affliction from remembrance drives
We may hope, with faithful friends and wives,
To be happy all our lives.

SOLO.

SOLO.

Ev'ry joy that's worth poſſeſſing,
Friendſhip chearing, love careſſing,
Life's invaluable bleſſing,
Nature's dear domeſtic ſcene;

Shall, with all its ſweets ſurrounding,
Sweets that nurture no chagrin;
Sprightly ſong, and jeſt abounding,
Witneſs that the heart's ſerene;

For the gladſome hour at length arrives,
Which affliction from remembrance drives.
So we hope with faithful friends and wives
To be happy all our lives.

– MONTAUBAN.

Age a kind indulgence ſhewing,
While, on youth its gift beſtowing,
Will, their grateful hearts o'erflowing,
Feel its early warmth renewed.

CONSTANTIA.

Youth, with native ardour firing,
Love and duty, both conſpiring,
Every vengeful thought retiring,
Is by generous care ſubdued;

Since the gladſome hour at length arrives,
Which affliction from remembrance drives,
Save the Bard who for your favour ſtrives,
And be happy all your lives.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN *by Mrs.* MATTOCKS.

LOVE'S influence drawn from ſcenes of former years,
Why not pourtray it as it now appears.
Annette no more—the Italian confidante,
Suppoſe me now an old French gouvernante,
With coaxing cringe my pupil's heart to charm,
Diſcourſing fond and freely—arm in arm.
She in the bloom of life, and height of taſte,
A yard of feather, and an inch of waiſt;
Waiſt did I ſay? I meant to mend my phraſe,
The ſpot which was the ſummit of the ſtays;
"Young Charles," ſhe ſighs—no—the old Peer, his brother,
"I love the one—then, marry with the other—
"His withered hands, ſo terrible to touch,
"But then the Coronet upon his crutch—
"Delightful thought! That puts an end to ſorrow,
"I'll have him, if papa conſent, to-morrow."
What glowing love muſt ſpring from ſuch a channel!
They can't be cold, who're always wrap'd in flannel.
Turn we to courtſhip in a different ſtrain:
An ancient Venus, and a youthful ſwain.
The Fair, if won, a mine of wealth would prove,
The hero, poor in every thing but love,
A crumplin ſhe, head ſhrunk between her ſhoulders,
Mount on her back, attracting all beholders;
With Koſciuſko cap, and zone to bind,
The neck before, the prominence behind,
Her tiny perſon, and her cumb'rous pack
Look like a drum girt round a drummer's back—
The ſix foot ſtripling, firm in every joint,
Whoſe button'd trowſers bruſh the elbows point,
Whoſe muſlin foldings all his chin encloſe,
Meeting the pond'rous hat that veils his noſe;
With mouth ſcarce ſcarce viſible, you'd think our beau,
The man in armour at my Lord Mayor's ſhow.
"Marry me, ma'am, he cries, and take your ſwing,
"Dam'me, I love you dearly—that's the thing:
"Who can ſuch charming accents diſapprove?
"My heart's too tender—I was form'd for love—"

The

EPILOGUE.

The little Lady all on tiptoe ſtands—
He ſtoops—ſhe ſprings—and ſo they join their hands.
If ſuch of modern love the bliſsful ſtate,
Who would not chooſe the love that's out of date?
Some bright exceptions, ſtill we truſt there are,
Th' auſpicious nuptials of the Royal Pair,
May bring old faſhion'd feelings into vogue,
And ſhame the ſatire of our Epilogue.
Long may they live, with fond delight to prove,
Life's ſweeteſt joys, flow from connubial love.